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CONDÉ NAST

MARCH 2016

traveler



Reasons to Go

21 GLOBAL INFLUENCERS
ON WHY WE SHOULD
TRAVEL NOW MORE THAN EVER

Amber Valletta photographed by Inez and Vinoodh



A black and white photograph featuring two women. The woman on the left has short, wavy hair and wears large, round sunglasses with a gold frame and dark lenses. She is also wearing a wide, patterned collar with a small blue oval pendant and a large, textured cuff bracelet. The number '8' is printed in white on her shoulder. The woman on the right has long, straight hair and wears large, round sunglasses with a gold frame and pink lenses. She is wearing a similar patterned collar and a wide cuff bracelet. Both women are wearing light-colored, sleeveless tops.

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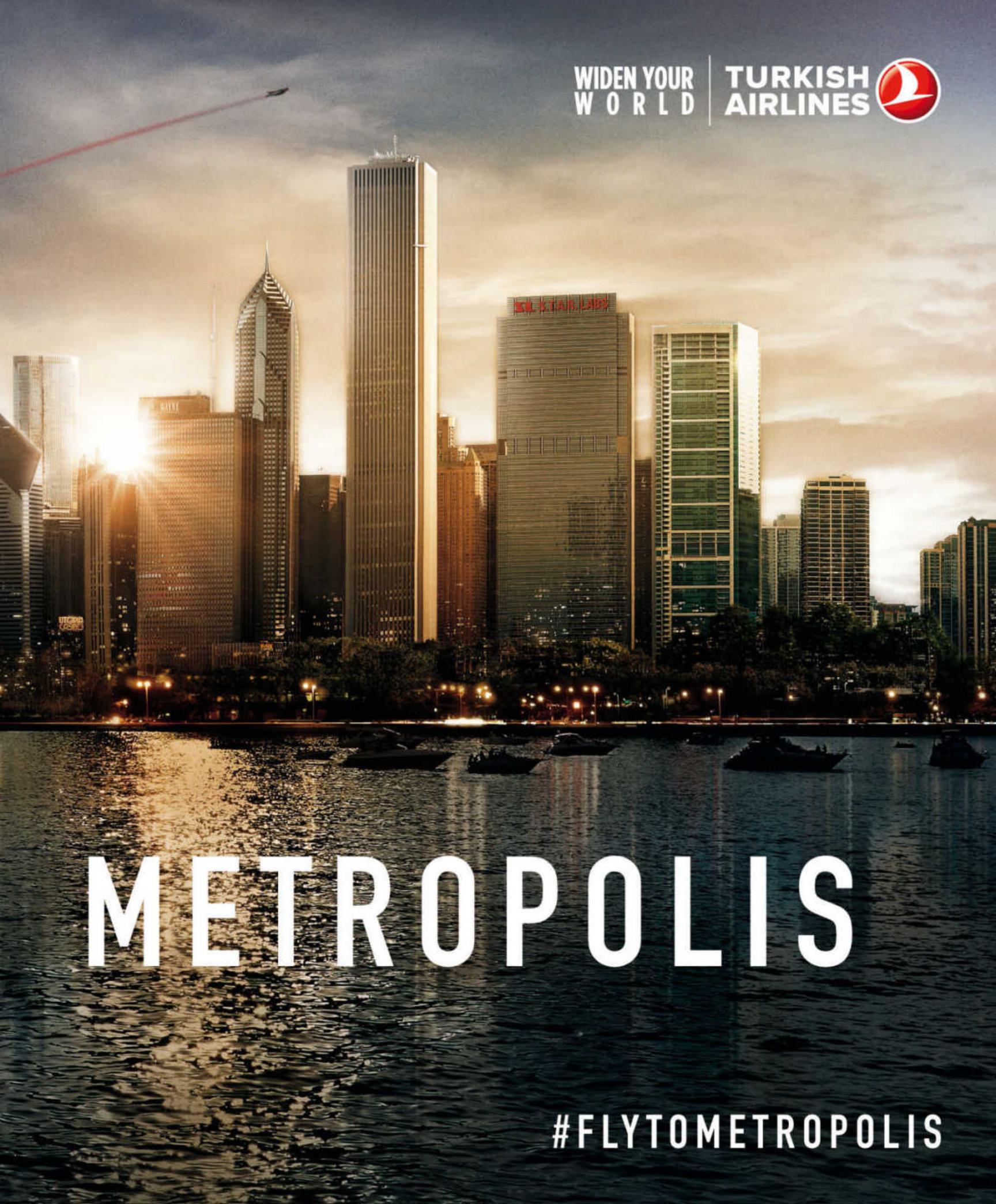
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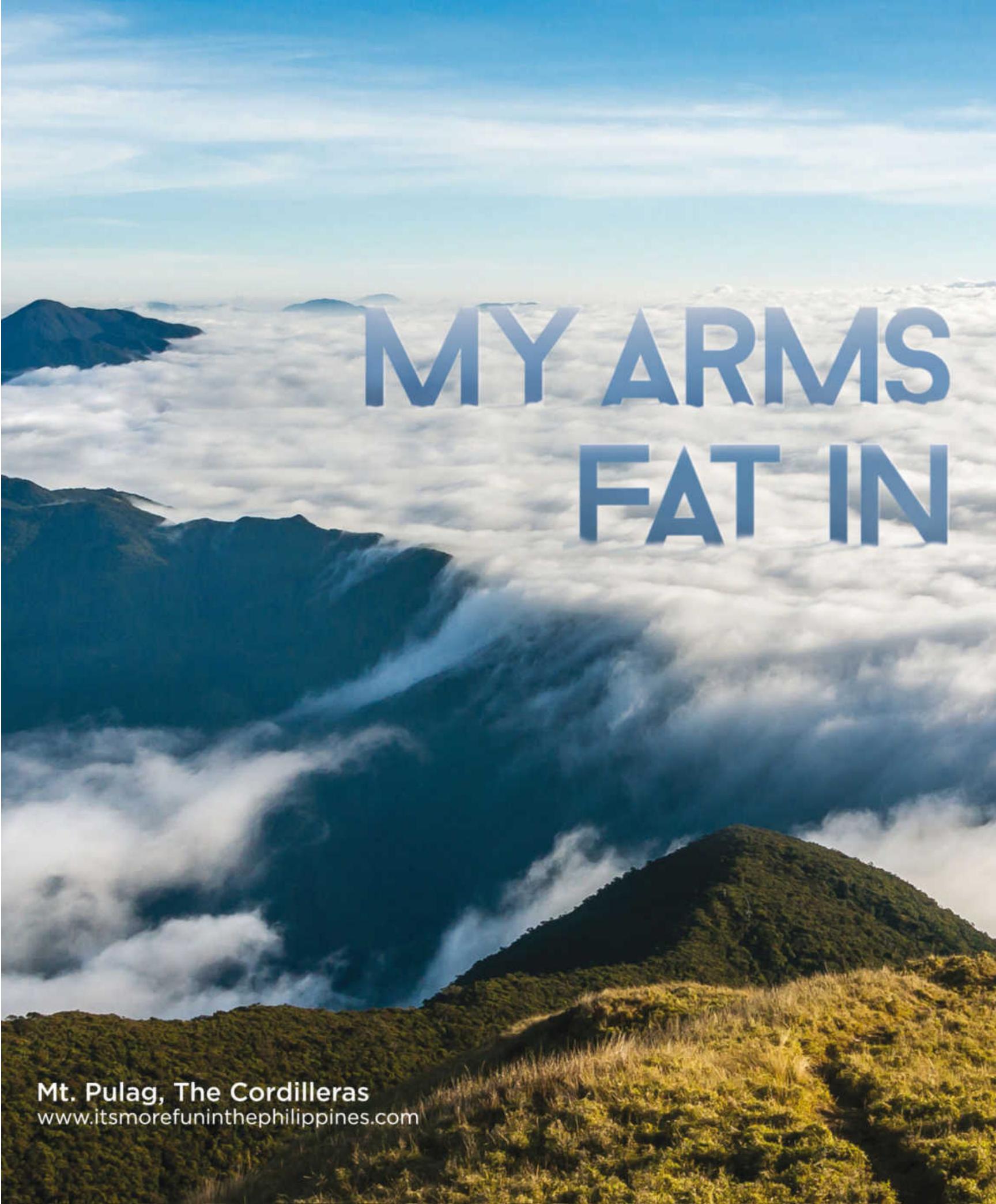
WIDEN YOUR
WORLD

TURKISH
AIRLINES

METROPOLIS

#FLYTOMETROPOLIS

MY ARMS FAT IN

A scenic view of Mt. Pulag in the Cordilleras, Philippines. The image shows a range of mountains partially obscured by thick white mist or clouds. In the foreground, a grassy hillside slopes upwards towards the right. The sky is a clear, pale blue.

Mt. Pulag, The Cordilleras
www.itsmorefuninthephilippines.com

LOOKED THE PHOTO.



Find any excuse
to come back.





A Chettiar woman dressed for a wedding in the Tamil Nadu town of Karaikudi.

◀
72
Tamil Nadu
For two decades, writer Guy Trebay has been visiting India's sleepy southern state—and he still finds new adventures.

84
Going Gaucho
Each Sunday on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, Porteños celebrate the country's cowboy culture.

88
Back to the Land
Fashion darling Amanda Brooks shows us around England's bucolic Cotswolds.

98
Pitti Party
Twice a year, a group of stylish trendsetters gather in Florence. Darrell Hartman gets their black book.

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28
The Upgrade This season's smartest-looking wheelies, bags, and backpacks to get you to your gate.



THE COVER

Amber Valletta, photographed by Inez and Vinoodh (see "Been There Done That," page 38). Styled by Brandon Maxwell; makeup by Dick Page using Shiseido at Jed Root, Inc.; hair by Didier Malige; manicure by Gina Viviano using Chanel Le Vernis. Vintage earring (New York Vintage, price upon request). Projected artwork by David Hockney, "Garrowby Hill," 1998 (detail), oil on canvas, 60" x 76", © David Hockney, Collection of Fine Arts, Boston.



26
Travel Journal Forty-eight hours with Michael Kors in Beijing.



Inez and Vinoodh
PHOTOGRAPHERS

Cover

What's your favorite hotel on earth and why? "Amanwana, on Moyo Island near Bali. Everywhere you look is beautiful, and you wake up with monkeys surrounding your tent." **City with a surprisingly strong design scene?** "São Paulo. All of the new boutiques seem so forward-minded and also referential to Brazil's Niemeyer and Rodrigues heritage." **Meal worth traveling for?** "The filet mignon chop at Capo in Santa Monica." **Your dream airliner would be ...** "Private, with organic food, a giant bed, and movie screen."



34
Hotel as Muse Casa Fayette channels Guadalajara's Art Deco past.



34
Hotel as Muse Casa Fayette channels Guadalajara's Art Deco past.



38
Been There Done That Globe-trotting model Amber Valletta dishes on her travels.

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Word of Mouth



Elizabeth Gilbert

WRITER

"Why You Should Travel Now,"
page 68

What dish would you travel for?

"The wild boar stew and an icy-cold rice wine at the 3 Nagas restaurant in Luang Prabang, Laos—the best meal of my life."

Where are you embarrassed to say you've not been? "South Africa. Come on, Gilbert—get it together! I just haven't gotten around to it. Don't tell anyone."

Your dream plane would have ...

"Tranquilizers for everyone but me, the pilots, and crew. I dream of an utterly silent ride in which to watch my *30 Rock* episodes in peace."



46

The Hotel Breakfast Wake to a bowl of *pho* at Vietnam's Park Hyatt Saigon.



57

Black Book Miami comes into its own as a global creative hub.



42

Checking In An easy getaway from Cape Town; Florida's Upper Keys get cool.



44

You Are Here The must-hit spots around Berkeley's new BAMPFA museum.



50

Point of View Jemima and Quentin Jones on their hometown, London.

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62

Side Trip Join stylish Madrileños in the medieval village of Pedraza.



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64

Groundbreaker L.A. chef Travis Lett has transformed Abbot Kinney.



104

Travel Intel Plan for Paris; the new Met Breuer; and a super-fast rail in India.



106

Souvenir A vintage Dior gown reflects the ancient desert city of Palmyra.

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Editor's Letter

The inspiration behind this month's issue ...



The dome of the Fatih Mosque, Istanbul, 1947. Photographed by Irving Penn.

less susceptible to radicalization and attacks.

But the rationale for continuing to visit places like Istanbul, Paris, Bali, or Cairo extends far beyond numbers, and even beyond the popular idea that not going means "they" (the terrorists) will have won. Rather, the real reason to go is that if we don't, we give in to our own primal fears, the very ones that, when fed by anger, poverty, disenfranchisement, and isolation, literally and figuratively explode. It's fear that drives us to retreat to an us-versus-them stance that arrogantly ignores our common connection.

Lingering in Sultanahmet Square on that bluebird winter day, I thought about the 1,500 years of layered civilizations that this public space has held, between the former Christian basilica Hagia Sophia (now a museum) and the Blue Mosque, a holy Muslim site. Our guide, Riza, said he feared that the Erdogan government, riding a wave of religious conservatism, might turn Hagia Sophia back into a mosque. In that moment, the distance between the two buildings—filled with European tourists and women in burkas, all engaged in the shared ritual of taking selfies—seemed the perfect embodiment of inclusion. No matter how many times I see the shaky iPhone images of the explosion, this is the hopeful picture I hold onto. It's also one that's made me downright evangelical when I urge people, "Don't cancel your trip!" You can only fully grasp the world's tangled complexities by being in a foreign place.

So for this issue, we asked 21 influencers in politics, business, culture, and philanthropy to remind us of why we should travel—now, more than ever (page 68). The common refrain? The more we engage with the world, rather than run from it, the more clearly we'll understand that it's really not us versus them. It's just us.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Pilar Guzmán".

Pilar Guzmán, Editor in Chief

@pilar_guzman

Being There

WHEN I RETURNED from a trip to Istanbul just two days before the attacks on Sultanahmet Square, where my family and I had recently been standing, a friend asked whether he should cancel his upcoming trip to Turkey. My response (based on then-available information) was a resounding no.

Don't get me wrong. As a lifelong insomniac, I'm no stranger to irrational fear—free-floating anxiety that readily catastrophizes a running list of real and hypothetical problems. Yet emergency plane evacuations and terrorist attacks never figure into my 3 a.m. musings. In the cold light of day, my rational brain takes over, ready with stats that underscore the safety of travel to most parts of the world—the fact that you're likelier to die in a car crash or be struck by lightning than to be slain by terrorists, or that a city is never safer than it is following an attack, when security is heightened.

When I read the news about Istanbul, my immediate concern was that tourism would plummet in a country that can ill afford to lose the 12 percent of the GDP that the industry now provides. Travel supports economies and therefore governance, and stable societies tend to be

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Almanac

What's on our culture calendar this month.



Lartigue: Life in Color

Amsterdam,
now through April 3

JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE was renowned for dynamic photographs of athletes, airplanes, and automobiles in motion, all elegantly captured in black-and-white. But it was his lesser-known work in color that consumed him later in life. For Lartigue, who was also an avid painter, those 6x6 Ektachromes were the closest his film would get to oil on canvas. The image above shows Lartigue's third wife, Florette, in her family's village of Piozzo, in Italy's Piedmont; taken in 1960, it languished in the vaults for decades. Now, this and other "lost" photographs are collected in the new book *Lartigue: Life in Color* (Abrams), and an eponymous exhibition is on view at Amsterdam's Fotografiemuseum until April 3. ♦

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Bangli Bamboo Forest, Bali



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The things we can't leave without



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IN BEIJING





The Best Trip He Didn't Plan

Designer Michael Kors knew that if he really wanted to experience Beijing in 48 hours, he'd have to leave the legwork to the pros.

LAST NOVEMBER, as Michael Kors was finalizing his four-day itinerary for Beijing to open his latest flagship, he realized that he had 48 hours of downtime between meetings and press events. “I usually have only three or four hours to see a city, so two days was a luxury,” Kors says. “But there was so much to see. I really needed someone to say to me, ‘This is the best of the best.’” So he called us. We knew he’d want to explore the emerging boutiques in the *hutong* areas and avoid tourist traps like the Ming Tombs, and that he didn’t need to spend hours (or days) walking the Great Wall (two or three hours would do). “Of course I had to do iconic places like Tiananmen Square. But it was equally important to have a stellar meal and do some shopping,” he says.

He needed an expert to handle both the logistics and the artful curation of a day—someone who could swiftly secure VIP passes in advance *and* balance the must-sees with true insider picks. Gerald Hatherly, of Abercrombie & Kent in Hong Kong, hooked him up with an English-speaking guide and private driver for the two days. “It’s possible to explore Beijing on your own, but if you don’t speak Chinese and have to contend with the horrendous traffic, you won’t see much if you’re not there for very long,” says Hatherly. He suggested that Kors spend three hours at the Juyongguan Pass section of the Great Wall (historically important for its use as an enemy lookout point, and easier to access since there are fewer stairs here than at other entry points); about an hour at Tiananmen Square; and one hour at the Forbidden City (accompanied



3



4



5

by an expert in Ming and Qing period history). There, Kors got a tour of Shu Fang Zhai, the opulent reception hall that's normally off-limits to the public. "This notion that the emperor would say, 'Let's have a private opera tonight' is truly mind-blowing. The direction of the seating, the mixture of materials, the way the windows are placed—every detail meant something," says Kors. "I would have missed it all had I not had that extra layer of access." Here, he tells us how it went—and why a time constraint isn't always a bad thing.

- MAURA WALTERS

1. Kors has stayed at Aman resorts in Utah, Tokyo, and Phuket, so booking the Aman Summer Palace—which is just steps from the famous Imperial Garden—was a no-brainer. "The hotel has this feeling of old China right in the middle of the city, yet it's so modern," he says. "There were artists making wonderful silk-tassel ornaments. I gave those to family and friends as Christmas gifts."

2. "I'm a huge movie buff, and the Summer Palace reminded me of *In the Mood for Love*," Kors says. "From the weeping willows to the dragon boats moored in the man-made lake, it was all very romantic. I took a million pictures."

3. "I had the most wonderful duck I've ever had at the Aman. Juicy, crisp, perfect. All of the food was sensational. The dining room is built like a local's home. It's so nice when you stay at a hotel and you have an actual sense of place but it's not at all kitschy."

4. "I wanted to know what it was like to shop in old Beijing, and I heard that the couple who own the boutique Tu Qi, in the Jianchang Hutong, are using very traditional techniques in a modern way. They had incredible pottery and orbs made out of dried gourds. But know that you should bring cash if you're shopping in the *hutong* areas: Many places don't accept foreign credit cards."

5. Shu Fang Zhai, in the Forbidden City, is where the imperial family hosted operas and celebratory banquets. "The colors inside were surprisingly subtle. The opulence came from the objects within, several made from stone and jade. Jade is the denim of ancient China, that's for sure."

6. Kors visited the Juyongguan Pass section of the Great Wall (about 30 miles outside the city) with a Chinese historian. "The Great Wall is so huge, you could easily spend two days trying to explore it—especially if you don't know where you're going. I'd suggest everyone hire a guide," Kors says. "The Great Wall isn't that far from downtown. That's the thing about Beijing: One minute you're walking by someone in traditional Chinese dress and then around the corner you're in rush-hour traffic, watching a subway station spew out millions of people. It's a crazy dichotomy."



EN ROUTE
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Formentera

Clockwise from top:
Gucci Snake shirt and skirt ([gucci.com](#); \$2,590 and \$2,390); Versace Palazzo Ricamo backpack ([us.versace.com](#); \$2,995); Tommy Hilfiger Gem bracelet (212-223-1824; \$90); Bulgari Parentesi

cocktail bracelet ([bulgari.com](#); \$18,200); Effy Rose Gold Ruby and Blue Topaz rings ([effyjewelry.com](#); \$12,073 and \$2,745); Cartier Paris Nouvelle Vague ring ([cartier.us](#); \$36,600); Dolce & Gabbana sunglasses ([sunglasshut.com](#); \$215); Dries Van

Noten jacket (Barneys, N.Y.C.; \$1,555); Tommy Hilfiger striped tote (212-223-1824; \$290); Gucci crocodile bag ([gucci.com](#); \$19,800); Valextra trolley ([valextra.com](#); price upon request); Dior espadrilles (Dior boutiques nationwide; \$730).

Ready to Roll

There's nothing more transportive—literally and figuratively—than an artful stack of buttery leather wheelies, hands-free backpacks, and cross-body shoulder bags. (Karl Lagerfeld certainly agrees: He turned Paris's Grand Palais into a futuristic airport terminal for Chanel's spring 2016 show.) Luckily for us, this season's accessories are designed to give us style for miles, and made to get us to our gate on time.



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◀ **Counterclockwise from top:** Michael Kors Collection Suede Balmacaan coat and Sedona Hobo bag (\$5,995 and \$1,290); Master & Dynamic MH40 headphones (\$399); Louis Vuitton Spring Hill flats (\$louisvuitton.com; price upon request); Serapian small trolley (serapian.com; \$1,690); Bottega Veneta Renaissance Intarsia bag (800-845-6790; \$5,400); Fendi Bag Bug bag charm (fendi.com; \$850); Prada Double Saffiano Cuir bag (prada.com; \$2,780); Dior Fine Jewelry Gourmande Escargot ring (select Dior boutiques nationwide; \$13,800); Bulgari MVSA bracelet (bulgari.com; \$8,150); Chanel Boy-Friend watch (Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques nationwide; \$14,500); Graff yellow diamond bracelet (graffdiamonds.com; price upon request).

▶ **From top:** Chanel pullover, skirt, and bracelets (800-550-0005; \$3,000, \$1,400, and \$1,125 and \$1,400); De Beers Lotus band (debeers.com; price upon request); Pomellato Nudo ring (pomellato.com; \$1,750); Chanel bag (800-550-0005; \$2,700); Max Mara Gmor box bag (212-879-6100; \$790); Chanel luggage strap, brooch, and trolley (800-550-0005; price upon request, \$420, and \$7,000); Tod's Double T Gommino loafer (Tod's boutiques nationwide; \$1,095).

**Buenos Aires
BOUND**

ARRIVING IN
Stockholm





**Helmut Newton:
Pages from the Glossies**

See original color prints from the German photographer's daring 1998 book, like his famous diptych *They're Coming* and his 1981 "Naked and Dressed" series for French Vogue. *Museum of Photography, Berlin; through May 22.*

**Isaac Mizrahi:
An Unruly History**

An overview of the outspoken Brooklyn-born designer's work in fashion, film, and the performing arts, featuring clips from the notorious doc *Unzipped* and his Project Runway appearances. *Jewish Museum, N.Y.C.; March 18–Aug. 7.*

**Judy Blame:
Never Again**

The legendary British stylist and accessories designer—and the inspiration for the Ramones' "Judy Is a Punk"—opens his first solo show highlighting his signature DIY aesthetic and editorial work for *i-D* magazine. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, London; June 29–Sept. 11.*

**Manus x Machina:
Fashion in an Age of
Technology**

The Costume Institute's spring show unpacks designs by Dior, Maison Margiela, and Givenchy, from the modest beginnings of the sewing machine to today's 3-D printing and ultrasonic welding. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.C.; May 5–Aug. 14.*

**Miyake Issey
Exhibition: The Work
of Miyake Issey**

This "exploration of process" of the Japanese designer features his 1980 series of sculptural bodices and his renowned Flying Saucer dress from his spring 1994 collection. *National Art Center, Tokyo; March 16–June 13.*

**Oscar de la Renta:
The Retrospective**

André Leon Talley selects more than 130 pieces

spanning half a century from the late designer's archive. *De Young Museum, San Francisco; March 12–May 30.*

**Robert Mapplethorpe:
The Perfect Medium**

Over 400 of the artist's photographs, drawings, sculptures, collages, and Polaroids, including his famed 1980 leather jacket and cigarette-in-mouth *Self Portrait*. *LACMA & J. Paul Getty Museum, L.A.; March 20–July 31.*

#techstyle

Yes, this show includes Fitbits and Apple Watches, but it's more about forward-looking fashion (with a capital *F*), including designs by Issey Miyake and Rei Kawakubo and a digitally printed dress from Alexander McQueen's spring 2010 collection, Plato's Atlantis. *Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; March 6–July 10.*

**Undressed: A Brief
History of Underwear**

A revealing look at the industry's most intimate pieces, from corsets and crinolines to David Beckham for H&M briefs. *Victoria and Albert Museum, London; April 16–March 12, 2017.*

**Vogue 100:
A Century of Style**

British Vogue and London's National Portrait Gallery celebrate the magazine's milestone with photographs from the likes of Cecil Beaton, Patrick Demarchelier, and Herb Ritts. *National Portrait Gallery, London; through May 22.*

The Vulgar

Fashion from the Renaissance to the present that seeks to answer the question, What is it that makes something vulgar? *Barbican Art Gallery, London; Oct. 13–Feb. 5, 2017.*

Having a Fashion Moment

This year's most anticipated exhibitions around the world.

Bellissima: Italy and High Fashion 1945–1968

Relive the era of *alta moda* through the designs of Valentino, Sorelle Fontana, Emilio Pucci, and Simonetta. *NSU Art Museum, Fort Lauderdale; through June 5.*

Coded_Couture

Have your mind blown by pieces of "wearable technology"—like Melissa Coleman's dress that uses voice-stress analysis to tell if someone is lying. *Pratt Manhattan Gallery, N.Y.C.; through April 30.*

**Dressing Downton:
Changing Fashion
for Changing Times**

Even if you're not obsessed with Downton

Abbey, where better to appreciate the British drama's costumes than in this museum's Gilded Age drawing rooms and libraries? *Richard H. Driehaus Museum, Chicago; through May 8.*

**Fashion Forward:
Three Centuries
of Fashion (1715–2015)**

You'll find garments dating to the times of Louis XVI and Louis XVIII—and pieces by Paul Poiret, Charles-Frederick Worth, and Madeleine Vionnet—as the museum celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of its fashion collection. *Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris; April 7–Aug. 14.*

"One of my favorite pieces is Mrs. de la Renta's black velvet dress, inspired by the John Singer Sargent painting Madame X."

—André Leon Talley on "Oscar de la Renta: The Retrospective"

Left: Helmut Newton for French Vogue, Melbourne, 1973. **Below:** Israeli designer Noa Raviv's Bodysuit from Hard Copy Collection, 2014, will show at #techstyle.



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Casa Fayette, Guadalajara

Art and design fanatics have long made pilgrimages to Guadalajara to see the early modernist houses built in the 1920s and '30s by Pritzker Prize-winning architect Luis Barragán and, more recently, to check out the fantastic gallery scene (Curro & Poncho is one of the best for Latin American contemporary artists). But to really see the city as it was and where it's going, book a room at the new Casa Fayette hotel in the historic Lafayette district. The Art Deco-inflected bar, lobby, and restaurant are in a restored 1940s mansion, and guests stay in a nine-story addition that calls to mind Barragán's masterpieces. It's like time-traveling on your way to breakfast. -PAOLA SINGER



A NOTE ON THE DESIGN

Grupo Habita hotels have always put a premium on creating the right vibe when it comes to interiors. For Casa Fayette, they enlisted Milan-based Dimore Studio to

design the 37 guest rooms, which all have Mondrian-esque glass partitions and a dusty-rose, light-blue, and mint-green palette that speaks to the main house's Deco-era origins.

Clockwise from far left: David Yurman Chatelaine earrings (davidyurman.com; \$8,000); Boss dress (hugoboss.com; \$1,895); Dior So Electric sunglasses (Dior boutiques nationwide; \$525); Valentine Garavani Mandarin 1975 Minaudièrre (valentino.com; \$4,395); Dior sandals (800-929-3467; price upon request).



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Hāna

Four Perfect Pins: Maui

with Kyson Curammeng

Take the scenic route. Experience unpredictable moments. Meet remarkable people. There's more to your Hawai'i vacation than you think. Maui photographer Kyson Curammeng inherently knows this. He fell in love with the islands as a boy and has devoted his craft to capturing the turquoise waves, ginger-riddled mountains, and beaches he calls home. Follow Kyson on Instagram (@kysoncurammeng), and read on for his top Maui spots.



HALEAKALĀ

"My ideal day begins with a morning trek to the monumental volcanic crater known as Haleakalā. I like to arrive while stars are still in the sky and then hike up for the stunning sunrise."



SAM SATO'S, INC.

"My go-to for an authentic Maui breakfast in Wailuku. Their famous dry mein, or boiled noodles with char siu pork, is flavored with secret seasoning and incredibly addictive."



ROAD TO HĀNA

"As a local, one of my favorite things is to drive Maui's Hāna Highway. I stop at every waterfall for a refreshing dip in the cool water that's found its way down from the mountains."



MAUI TROPIX SURF CO.

"Hit up this surf shop for locally made goods you can't get anywhere else. From their iconic Maui Built clothing to handcrafted surfboards, it's the ultimate Hawai'i shopping experience."

Get inspired at [#LetHawaiiHappen](#)



"I have a tendency to take the free sewing kit."

Model and super-traveler **Amber Valletta** on the best smoked salmon in Tulsa, why she always gets lost in London, and selfies with Hillary.

Your all-time favorite vacation: I rented a house in Favignana, off the coast of Sicily, in the mid or late '90s. There was a revolving door of visiting friends and family—we played games, painted our faces, went swimming naked, cooked big meals, rode around on *motorini*, and had great cappuccinos. We even had a rave!

All-time worst vacation: One summer, while my sisters and I were staying with my dad in San Diego, he took us to Six Flags Magic Mountain [in Valencia]. It was about a four-hour drive, and he told us that if we kept fighting, he would turn the car around. When we got to the park, he paid for the tickets, and my sisters and I started bickering about which rides to go on, so he made us leave. That sucked.

The last place you got hopelessly lost in: I have an incredible sense of direction, but London is confusing. It's a circle, but then it stops being a circle.

The best meal you ever ate while traveling: I once went to Alba, Italy, during their white truffle festival, and I was like, "Just leave me here!"

The last natural wonder you took a selfie in front of: Does Hillary Clinton count?

Your most treasured souvenir: My boyfriend and I buy local art when we go on big trips. Last summer, we bought a beach painting in Brittany, where he's from. It's beautiful in our family room and takes me right back.

Do you swipe bath products from the hotel? Not unless they are Hermès. Le Bristol Paris has Hermès soap, and it smelled so good I grabbed it.

The trait you deplore in fellow travelers: Loudness. Who needs to shout on a hike? Or talk loudly in the Sistine Chapel?

Your ideal travel partner: My boyfriend or my mom. She and I are headed to Santa Fe this weekend for a girls' retreat at the home

of my best friend from childhood. I took my mom to Rome two years ago. We drank too much coffee and smoked too many cigarettes, and she flirted with the baristas.

The most exotic location that modeling ever took you to: Panama's San Blas Islands, for Calvin Klein Eternity. The ocean was so clear we could see starfish from our wooden canoes.

The best thing to do in your hometown of Tulsa: Eat at the Stonehorse Café. They have great cured meats and smoked salmon. Then catch a concert at the Brady Theater or Cain's Ballroom, and drive down old Route 66 and see some of the funky buildings.

Your first memory of Milan: I was 15 and I stayed in a pensione. I had no idea what the bidet was—I thought it was something you washed your socks in.

Your travel motto: Leave it better than the way it was when you arrived. —DAVID WALTERS

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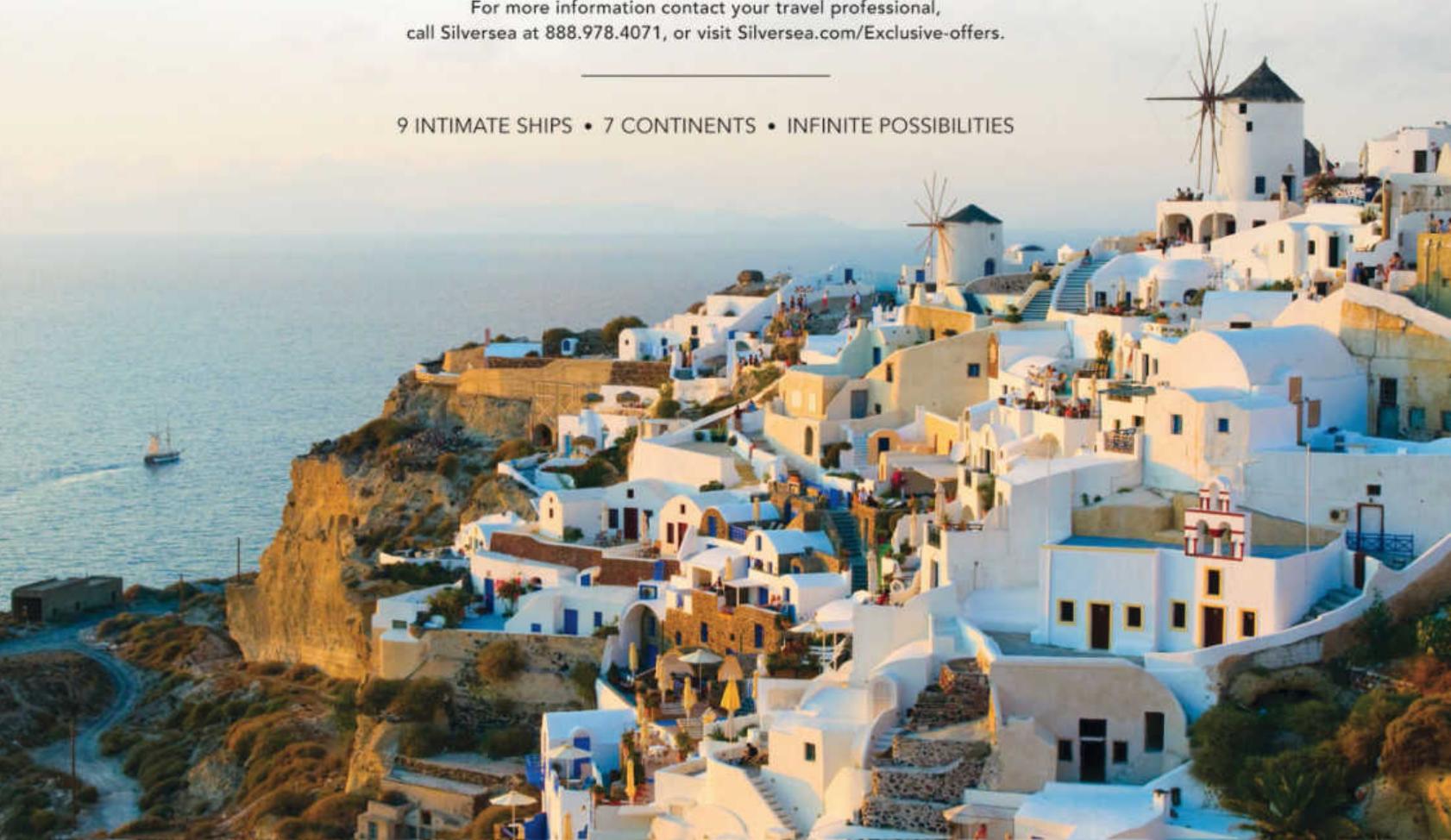
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Word of Mouth

The things we can't stop talking about

An hour from Cape Town
and a world away.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY LEEU COLLECTION



SOUTH AFRICA

Get Out of (Cape) Town

Yes, you can do the Winelands in an afternoon—they're only an hour from Cape Town. But with a chic new hotel and several upstart restaurants, it's worth staying a night or two. And did we mention the wine?

GETTING THERE

If you hit the road first thing, heading east from Cape Town on the N2, you'll land in the tony burg of Stellenbosch 45 minutes later—just in time for breakfast (the brioche French toast with apples and Brie at the **Schoon de Companje** is stellar). Get on the scenic Helshoogte Pass and in about a half hour you'll arrive in Franschhoek, one of the country's

oldest towns and the center of its wine region.

HOME BASE

With its thatched roof, whitewashed walls, and ornate gables, the new 12-room **Leeu House** is right at home in a historic town known for its Cape Dutch architecture. Interiors balance out this old-world vibe, pulling from contemporary South African design: latticed partitions fashioned from tea-dyed kudu leather; splashy

canvases by renowned artist Lionel Smit. More important, most of the wineries and restaurants you'll want to visit are less than 15 miles away.

WHERE TO TASTE

Two can't-miss wineries are **Tokara** (try the sauvignon blanc) and **Delaire Graff** (get the cab franc rosé); both are set against the Hottentots Holland Mountains. Nearby, the beloved farm/winery/hotel **Babylonstoren** has

Previous page:
The new Leeu House hotel in Franschhoek.
Left: The dramatic backdrop to the Delaire Graff Estate.

added nine suites in a gabled farmhouse as well as a sleek tasting room where you can sample Sprankel, the estate's new sparkling chardonnay. This June, Leeu Collection will open **Leeu Estates**, a winery, hotel, and spa on 170 acres outside Franschhoek.

REFUEL BETWEEN SIPS

Newcomers to Franschhoek include the **Tuk Tuk Microbrewery** and taqueria, the soon-to-open **Marigold** for Indian food, and **Orangeerie** for Gallic-inspired dishes like duck-liver parfait with apple chutney or chicken supreme stuffed with tarragon chicken mousse. In Stellenbosch, chef PJ Vadas bakes fresh challah, *vinschgauer*, and *vollkorn* breads at five-month-old **Hog-house Bakery and Café**, while the new food hall **De Warenmarkt** is the place to grab local charcuterie and cheeses. —SARAH KHAN

FLORIDA

Consider the Upper Keys

Drive about an hour from the Miami airport and you'll be in a hammock at the end of a quiet dock, a drink in hand and looking out at a placid sea—the best parts of the Caribbean without the worry of missing your puddle jumper or having to flash your passport. For years, Islamorada has had a handful of high-end getaways like the Moorings Village & Spa and Casa Morada, but chic mid-range options have been nonexistent. Now, smart hoteliers are filling that void with stylish properties that are just right for a long weekend. Islamorada's **Amara Cay Resort** opened last year on

the site of a former Hampton Inn, casting aside the corals and turquoises for raw driftwood and mod rattan furniture. This spring, the **Postcard Inn at Holiday Isle**, on the area's largest private beach, will reopen after a yearlong renovation. It'll keep the beloved Tiki Bar but otherwise jettison the whiff of Spring Break in favor of a maritime vibe. And this month, **Playa Largo** will open on Key Largo, the first new-build resort here in two decades. It got the same neutrals-and-naturals memo as Amara but will have beachside bungalows, tennis courts, and an impressive spa. —ANDREW SESSA



A light-filled suite at the Amara Cay Resort.



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California Screening

The Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive (BAMPFA), which houses everything from Diane Arbus photography to major studio movies from the '50s through the '70s (including a 35 mm of Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*), recently moved from its Brutalist building on Bancroft Way to a new Diller Scofidio & Renfro-designed home on Center Street. Now open until 9 P.M., it's worth planning a day—and night—around.

1 COMAL

For nearly two decades, John Paluska managed the jam band Phish, before opening (with Andrew Hoffman) this stellar Mexican restaurant serving delicious mezcal and tequila-based cocktails (you'll want to rethink your usual marg) as well as Oaxacan-inspired moles and an addictive white shrimp ceviche. If you're here on a weekend and the place is packed per usual, relax in the beer garden with a citrusy "Palomaesque" in hand and wait for the chips and guac cart to come by.

2 BERKELEY REPERTORY THEATRE

The only show that might rival the "Architecture of Life" exhibition at BAMPFA this month is Frances McDormand as Lady Macbeth on this stage. Book in advance—tickets are among the Bay Area's hardest to nab (the playhouse has sent nine shows to Broadway). At intermission, you can get an actual Manhattan instead of a cheap splash of wine at the courtyard bar.

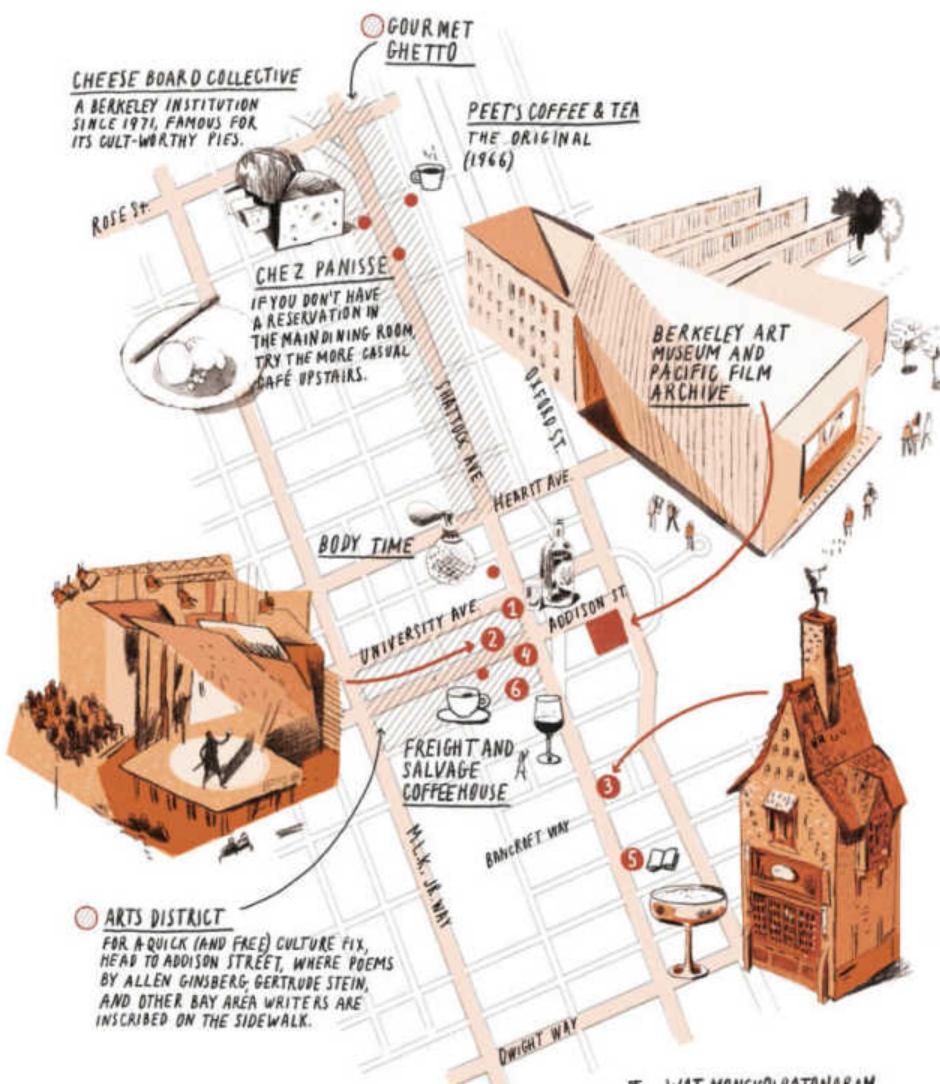
FOURTH STREET

FIND STYLISH SOUVENIRS AT ERICA TANOV'S FLAGSHIP BOUTIQUE AND HANDCRAFTED JAPANESE STATIONERY AT MIKI'S PAPER.
2 MILES WEST OF BAMPFA

3 TUPPER AND REED

The latest grown-up bar from San Fran nightlife kingpins Brian Sheehy and Doug Dalton, of Bourbon & Branch fame.

If you want to get away from the students cramming the ground-floor bar, book a table upstairs, where a waiter will fetch you a 20-year-old Michter's bourbon.



4 REVIVAL BAR AND KITCHEN

Dinner at this upscale farm-to-table joint could be smoked porchetta with chicory gratin, a grilled pork chop, or any of the sustainably sourced seasonal dishes on chef Sophina Uong's constantly changing menu. This being Berkeley and all, you'll find a few vegan options, but it's the locally raised meat, prepped in Revival's on-site butchery, that keeps the place packed.

5 PEGASUS BOOKS

You'll have to shoo resident cats Parit and Bean off treasures that could include autographed Vonneguts and first-edition Kerouacs. But it's worth it to thumb through the 10,000-plus collection of new, used, and rare titles.

6 LA BOTELLA REPUBLIC

Inside this warm, industrial-style two-year-old space, husband-and-wife duo Christopher Clarke and Lauren Brody-Clarke pour northern Cali's standout wines and beers from emerging smaller producers. Ignore the cliché and go ahead and order the cheese plate that comes with a baguette.

-LEXI PANDELL



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Park Hyatt Saigon, Vietnam

Our favorite hotel in Ho Chi Minh City—fresh off a major redo—happens to serve one of the city's top breakfasts.

The Vietnamese knock back their beloved *pho* the way the Italians do espresso: swiftly, routinely, and often in the morning. Us? We like to linger over the fragrant, herb-scattered noodle soup at the Park Hyatt Saigon, where a squad of chefs set to work on that beefy, cardamom-y broth hours before the sun—and hotel guests—rise. One hearty bowl will keep you fueled for a day of exploring, all the more so when paired with a Vietnamese coffee, a strong brew poured over sweet condensed milk. —ERIN FLORIO





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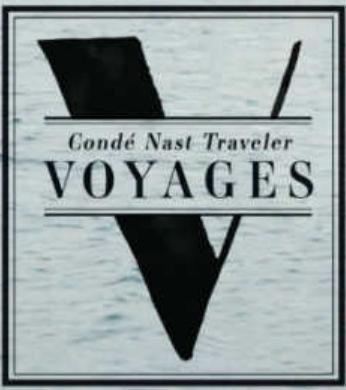
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Family Style

Nobody knows—or rather loves—London quite like Quentin and Jemima Jones, the *it* sisters who grew up here and now work on the fringes of fashion.

"**I DID IT** because Quentin was doing it," Jemima Jones says with a laugh. Sipping tea and eating peanut-and-coconut-butter toast at her big sister's house in north London's Kentish Town, near their childhood home of Primrose Hill, the 28-year-old chef is recalling her modeling days from years ago. "It was something I could do to subsidize being a student and travel during my gap years."

The daughters of architects (their father is Edward Jones, whose firm added a new wing to the National Portrait Gallery and redeveloped the Royal Opera House), Quentin and Jemima still circle the fashion world, but in a radically different way. While studying for a master's in illustration at Central Saint Martins, Quentin, 32, began making surrealist stop-motion videos and photo collages, and got her break when one that was inspired by Chanel nail polishes caught the attention of the French house. Since then, she's created ads for Kenzo, Louis Vuitton, and Carolina Herrera (and made a music video for Miley Cyrus), and starred in a quirky holiday campaign for the British leather-goods brand Smythson, which she also shot.

After a few too many uninspired lunches during modeling gigs, Jemima launched the buzzy catering company Tart with friend and former photographer Lucy Carr-Ellison, serving up fresh, healthful on-set meals (think vanilla-honey nut smoothies, grilled eggplant with quinoa) for fashion- and film-shoot clients like Valentino, *Vogue*, and *Vanity Fair*. The pair are currently working on a cookbook and looking to open a restaurant in north London, where Jemima lives—around the corner from Quentin—with her husband of 15 months, environmental financier and sometime tabloid fixture Ben Goldsmith.

Though their work takes them everywhere from L.A. to Tokyo (while family vacations are spent at the modernist house their parents built in Provence's Haut Var), it's London they know best. "There is a creative freedom to this city," says Quentin. "It's a really great place for ideas." Read on for where they find them. —CHRISTINE AJUDUA



Where You'll Find Them at Home...

Quentin and Jemima's London hit list.

Above: Sisters Quentin, left, and Jemima Jones in London's Kentish Town. "In the past, Jemima and I had more divergent tastes," Quentin says. "After university I moved to East London and she moved west, and our tastes moved with us. Now we've come back to the middle a bit."

AIMÉ, NOTTING HILL
Whenever she's back in her old West London stomping ground, Jemima pops into this skylit two-level boutique to browse the kinds of pieces she likes to wear on vacation: "pretty, floaty dresses and chic little numbers" by Isabel Marant and smaller French labels such as Vanessa Seward.

BREWER STREET CAR PARK, SOHO
Quentin spent an "epic month" converting this derelict parking

garage turned events space (and newest London Fashion Week venue) into a multimedia arts installation in 2014. (Tart did the catering.) Today, they mingle with other creatives at its electro and acoustic shows, curated by music and contemporary arts label The Vinyl Factory.

BRUNSWICK HOUSE, VAUXHALL
"It looks like they have plunked this beautiful Georgian house into the future," Quentin says of the Duke of Brunswick's former home,

now an architectural salvage shop and modern British restaurant serving charred squid and root vegetables amid eighteenth-century mirrors and light fixtures, all for sale.

HONEY & CO., FITZROVIA
After a Tart gig, Jemima and Lucy Carr-Ellison usually grab a window table for a late lunch of tender lamb and garlicky prawns at this tiny, perennially packed Middle Eastern restaurant, where co-owner Sarit Packer trained with the likes of Chris Galvin, formerly of The Wolseley.

THE LANSDOWNE,
PRIMROSE HILL
Their preferred local,

or neighborhood pub, has British and Mediterranean dishes scrawled on blackboards and an extensive wine list. You won't find them drinking pints but instead carafes of organic rosé paired with Turkish-style thin-crust pizza (think ground lamb, pine nuts, feta, coriander) baked in a stone oven.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY,
TRAFAVGAR SQUARE
The girls attend most of the exhibition openings—the latest, *Vogue 100: A Century of Style*, closes May 22—with their father. "I love riding the escalator straight to the top,"

says Quentin. "It's almost surreal as you catch a glimpse of the Tudor portraits. And then the view—my dad sliced through the third-floor ceiling so you could see all the rooftops from the restaurant."

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM,
HOLBORN
Just about everything inside the home of this nineteenth-century English architect (Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities; wax candles on the catacomb floors; convex mirrors in each corner) looks as it did the day he died. Whenever the sisters have visitors in town, they bring them

here. "It's a really intimate, true London experience," Quentin says. A five-year, \$10 million restoration is set for completion this year.

ZETTER TOWNHOUSE,
CLERKENWELL

Quentin's old "secret late-night drinking spot" is the cozy, curiosity-filled lounge inside this Russell Sage-designed "home" of the eccentric and fictional Aunt Wilhelmina (it's actually a boutique hotel), in the center of what was Dickensian London. Barbers in blue waistcoats serve reimagined cocktails with flair (and even fire), but she always goes for a (very) dirty gin martini.

...and on Holiday

The Joneses' favorite places to stay—including the family's Provence house (which you can rent at villajones.com).

JNANE TAMSNA,
MARRAKECH

"This is a bohemian dream in the *palmerie* outside the city—understated interiors, five swimming pools in the palm-lined gardens, and meals every night under the stars. In fact, it feels weird calling it a hotel; it's more like a collection of sleepy villas."

VILLA BORDONI,
TUSCANY

"The food at this beautiful Italian boutique hotel is to die for—burrata with fresh truffle simply shaved on top, then insane ragus. Stay in the small bedroom in the villa's old chapel, where the large windows overlook the garden."

VILLA JONES,
PROVENCE

"It's the ultimate slice of heaven—suspended on the hills rolling back from the coast. On overcast days you can actually be above a cloud stuck in the valley, and on clear days you can see all the way to St-Tropez; it's a view best enjoyed while sipping a Campari and soda in the pergola."



From left: Eighteenth-century illustrations line the entrance of the antiques-filled Brunswick House; quince-and-cinnamon jams, marmalades, and Ashura cereal at Fitzrovia's Honey & Co.

FRANCE

Just Back from Île de Ré

"**M**Y HUSBAND, who's French, has been nearly everywhere in France, but he'd never been to Île de Ré," says L.A.-based designer **Clare Vivier**, whose minimally chic handbags and totes channel American prep by way of Paris. "As soon as we arrived, he was all, 'Why don't we come here every summer? How much is real estate?'" The couple vacationed on the 19-mile-long island off France's western coast for the first time last July with their two sons and a rotating cast of extended family. Just a three-hour train ride from Paris, Île de Ré has ten beachside villages ("All the houses have shutters in every shade of green you can think of") connected by more than 60 miles of bike paths;

think of it as a Cape Cod-like alternative to the showy luxury of the Côte d'Azur. "We'd leave for the day on our bikes and ride for hours along coastlines, through fields, and past giant wild hollyhocks that grow everywhere," says Vivier. On the way, they stopped at farmers' markets for *fraises Charlotte* ("French strawberries are so much smaller and sweeter"), charcuterie ("a must for aperitif hour"), and fresh oysters. It was a liberating week for the family, especially Vivier's 12-year-old son, Oscar. "He'd ride to sailing class by himself every day—he can't do that in L.A.," Vivier says. "He'd get lost and have to figure out his way, find his markers. It gave him a great sense of adventure." —LAURENCE LOWE



Clockwise from bottom left:

Vivier at a café in St-Martin-de-Ré; low tide at Les Portes-en-Ré; radishes in a Loix market.



CHEAT SHEET

Vivier's inside scoop.

If you want to rent a house: The Viviers stayed in the relatively remote village of Loix, near the salt flats on the northern coast. They used the French site [homelidays.com](#), but for those of us who aren't fluent, try [homeaway.com](#).

If you'd prefer a hotel: The French rococo-style **Hôtel de Toiras**, in the island's historic capital, St-Martin-de-Ré, makes a great centrally located home base.

For muscadet and oysters: Stop at the charming waterside shack **Ré Ostréa**, on the outskirts of St-Martin.

The market to hit: Vivier became a regular at the one in **Loix** for its espadrilles, market totes, and cookware.

Getting around: Cars are scarce (Vivier's rental stayed parked all week) and people bike everywhere. Each town has at least one bike-rental shop.



AMSTERDAM

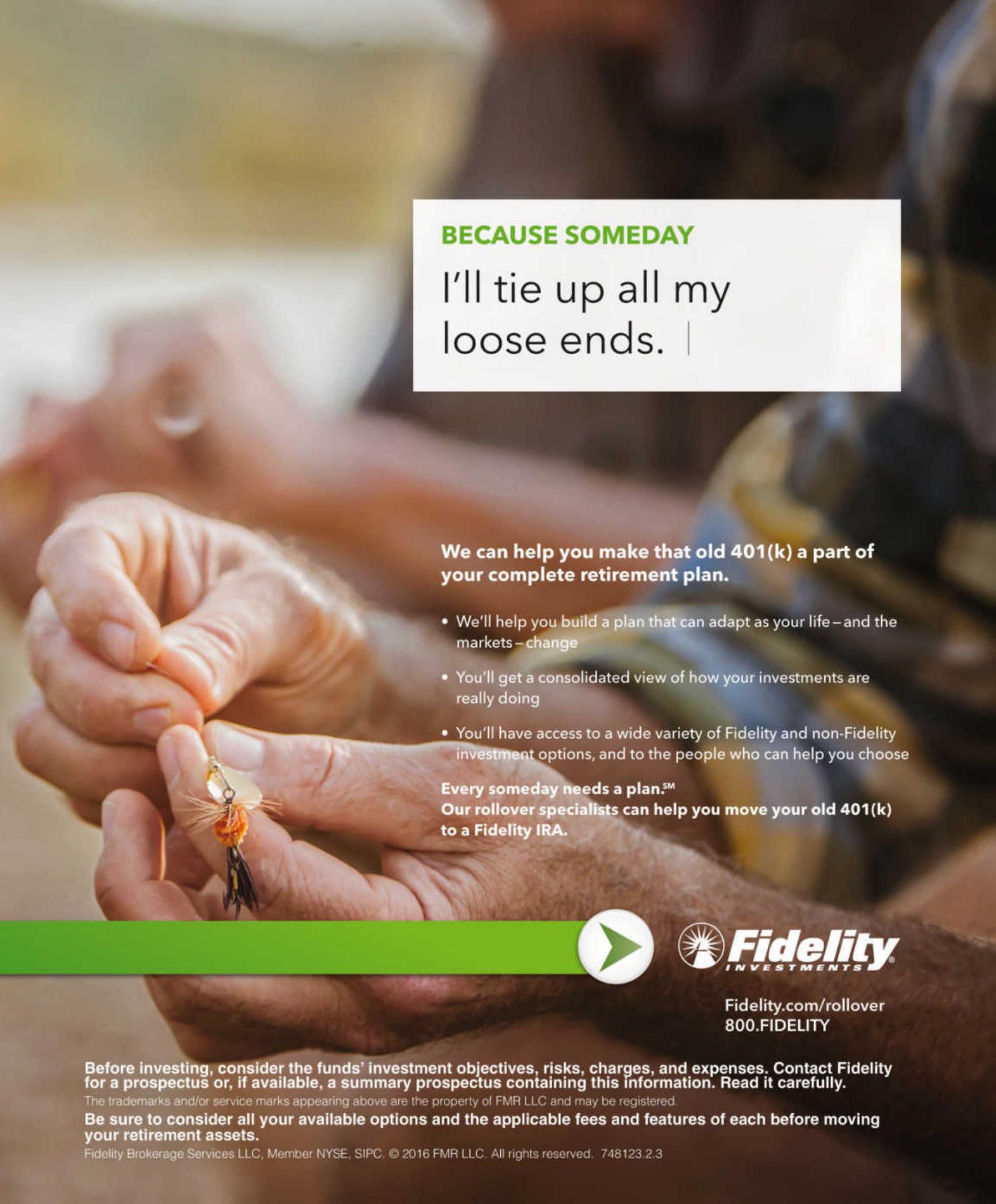
Noord Out

Until recently, there wasn't much incentive to cross the IJ River and visit North Amsterdam (Noord)—unless you were really into Dutch movies (the spaceship-like Eye Film Institute is there) or developing an app (it's where the edgy Lab consortium is based). This spring, that will change. The completed renovation of the Royal Dutch Shell tower, Arthur Staal's 1971 modernist construction, will be a mix of... well, everything—hotel, restaurant, bar, observation deck, concert space, nightclub, café, and beacon for music-industry creatives.

The 22-story building now goes by the name **A'DAM Toren** (an acronym for Amsterdam Dance and Music, plus the Dutch word for tower); the anchor tenant, the 110-room Sir Adam luxury boutique hotel, designed by New York City studio ICRAVE, has floor-to-ceiling windows and will be decorated in muted tones to match the city's persistently gray skies. "We imagine you in this room, floating like a cloud," says ICRAVE founder Lionel Ohayon.

Taking cues from the London Eye and Millennium Park in Chicago, the renovation includes buzzy new features like a lookout with a harness-equipped swing that casts you over the property's edge—a great idea for anyone not eating or drinking at the revolving restaurant, 360, or at Madam, a restaurant/bar on the twentieth floor that turns into a nightclub after hours.

The goal is to make the tower a hub for locals and tourists, says Sander Groet, a partner and driving force behind the project. "You can sleep, you can party, you can eat, you can work." —BRET BEGUN



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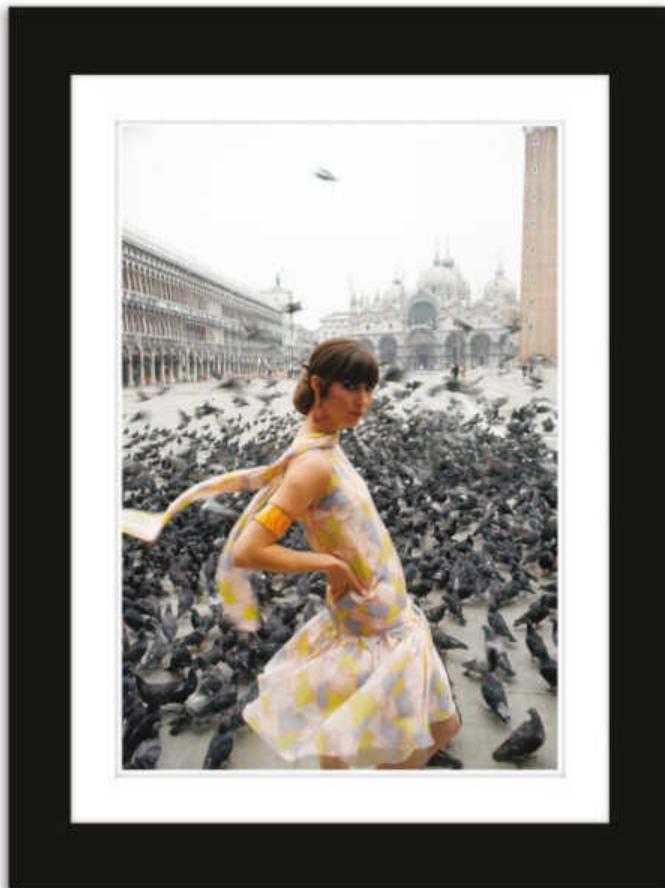
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MIA
MIAMI

THE MIAMI YOU THINK YOU KNOW—the one flush with mojitos, exotic cars, and neon string bikinis—still thrives in pockets of South Beach. Yet across the causeway, a new cosmopolitanism has sprouted in once-gritty Wynwood and the business hub of Brickell. Art Basel Miami Beach certainly deserves some credit for the transformation, but it's really the invested locals—high-design boutique owners like Erika and Roma Cohen, chefs like

Brad Kilgore—who've turned this city into so much more than Collins Avenue (as evidenced by the record-breaking 15 million visitors last year). Rising sea levels and stark economic inequality are top of mind for everyone who lives here, but for a global city that's already a creative and cultural hub—and a major destination for Latin American investment—the answers to these challenges will be anything but predictable.



Artist Maya Hayuk's untitled mural on Northwest 26th Street in Wynwood.

Where Bigger Is Always Better

Ambitious megaprojects—like the man-made 44-acre Brickell Key—have long shaped Miami. But the next 18 months will be a watershed moment for development, as major institutions and game-changing architectural efforts open across the city.

BRICKELL CITY CENTRE

The Brickell neighborhood already bristled with newly built office and residential towers before work began in 2012 on this \$1.05 billion cluster of buildings along the Miami River. One of the coolest parts of the project—scheduled to open in stages with hundreds of condos, the 352-room East

Miami hotel, and 500,000 square feet of retail—is the wavy “Climate Ribbon” roof that regulates air flow and collects rainwater for reuse.

FAENA DISTRICT

Argentinian real estate impresario Alan Faena aims to replicate his Buenos Aires success with this visionary

four-square-block build. A 169-room hotel, a tower of multimillion-dollar condos, and restaurants from Francis Mallmann and Paul Qui are open now; an OMA/Rem Koolhaas–designed performing arts space is coming soon.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, MIAMI

The 2013 opening of the Pérez Art Museum Miami's new building, partially financed by collector Jorge Pérez, sparked an art-world arms race for South Florida vanity projects. Up next? The Institute of Contemporary Art, with financial backing from Irma and Norman Braman, is at work on a new home in the Design District. Originally set to open in 2016, it is now slated for mid-2017.

PATRICIA AND PHILLIP FROST MUSEUM OF SCIENCE

On Biscayne Bay in Downtown's Museum Park, this yet-to-open \$307 million science center will have exhibits like a massive 500,000-gallon aquarium and a 250-seat planetarium, all conceived by Grimshaw Architects, which did the \$1.4 billion Fulton Center in New York City.



The view from Herzog & de Meuron's Pérez Art Museum Miami.

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An Afternoon in Wynwood

There's more to this super-cool neighborhood than its graffitied walls.



HOW TO GET ON THE WATER

You could charter your own vessel from

Boatbound or GetMyBoat, but the best way to see Miami by sea is aboard one of **Ocean Force Adventures'** Zodiac speedboats. While you zip through Miami's waterways, your captain narrates the city's history from original settlement to cocaine cowboys to Brickell's boom.

The best bit is Stiltsville, the eerie enclave of colorful Prohibition-era houses built above the shallows off Key Biscayne and resembling South Beach's famous Deco lifeguard shacks. Now located inside Biscayne National Park, they supply a nostalgic link to Miami's not-so-long-ago rum-running age.

START WITH LUNCH

An instant hit for its killer chicken and waffles, burgers, and other lunch-counter classics,

Wynwood Diner looks like the prettiest auto body shop ever, with shabby-chic furniture and exposed ducts.

SEE THE WALLS

Cross Northwest Second Avenue to visit **Wynwood Walls**, with murals from street-art titans like Os Gemeos and Shepard Fairey. Other work fills dozens of the surrounding blocks, so join a walk by **Wynwood Mural Tours** for the backstory on many pieces.

BREAK FOR COFFEE

Panther Coffee roasts its beans on-site and also sells chocolate croissants from True Loaf bakery and savory empanadas. If the temps call for something cooler, hit **Jucy Lu** for killer cold-press options.

TAKE SOMETHING HOME

Cable Design for Menu tableware; **Glottman** for Prandina lighting; **Plant the Future** for succulents and mod ceramic planters; and **Wynwood Letterpress** for stationery galore.



Clockwise from top left: Alter, Marion, Beachcraft, and Mandolin Aegean Bistro.

The City's Best Restaurants Right Now

Forgettable food and even worse service plagued Miami for years. But a wave of expectation-topping restaurants are turning the city into an actual food destination.

ALTER

Chef Brad Kilgore is making the most-talked-about food in the most-talked-about neighborhood in town. His Wynwood restaurant exudes industrial cool with painted concrete walls and floors and only 38 seats: Book a reservation as soon as you lock in your flight so you don't miss out on his soft-cooked egg in sea scallop *espuma* or Cape Canaveral prawns with grits and *mole verde*.

BEACHCRAFT

Tom Colicchio's outpost at the 1 Hotel & Homes South Beach is far better than it needs to be. With wood-fired flatbreads, fresh seafood *crudo*, and satisfying fresh pastas, this is exactly the well-made, sorta-Italian food that Miami's been missing for so long.

MANDOLIN AEGEAN BISTRO

This Greco-Turkish taverna is a favorite in the restaurant-starved

Design District—

and it's about to get even better thanks to newly installed chef Roel Alcudia, who previously worked with local legend Michael Schwartz.

MARION

This gorgeous brasserie in Brickell is as lovely for a power lunch as a lingering multi-course feast of oysters, pasta, and grilled seafood with a bottle or two of rosé. (Hey, why not?)

27

Next to the super-hip Freehand Miami, this Roman and Williams-designed restaurant occupies two floors of a revamped Miami Beach town house, serving Latin comfort food (*braised octopus, ropa vieja*) and solid cocktails with names as cheeky as the Havana meets rec room decor: Look for the Pass That Bowl, with coconut fat-washed tequila, citrus, and curry bitters.

DIGNIFIED DRINKS: QUALITY MEATS / UNDIGNIFIED DRINKS: THE BROKEN SHAKER / TIKI DRINKS: THE CONTINENTAL

A Local's Crib Sheet

Roma and Erika Cohen (below) may be Miami's most stylish citizens, with a mini-chain of high-concept fashion and jewelry boutiques operated under their Alchemist brand. Here, Roma's short list.

TO SEE A NEW MIAMI LANDMARK: FAENA DISTRICT

"It's amazing to have an OMA/Rem Koolhaas project here. Along with the Pérez Art Museum Miami and Frank Gehry's beautiful New World Center, these buildings are transforming the city."

FOR AN ART HIT: GALLERY DIET

"Director Nina Johnson-Milewski was one of Wynwood's pioneers, but she and Gallery Diet—along with a number of other galleries—recently moved to Little Haiti. Diet shows lots of paintings, but there are other works, like smart projects by the design duo Snarkitecture."

FOR A QUICK BITE: GARCIAS'S SEAFOOD GRILLE & FISH MARKET

"Right on the Miami River, it's a hole-in-the-wall local landmark where you can get a Cuban-style mahimahi sandwich and a beer."

FOR BREAKFAST: JUGOFRESH

"Founder Matthew Sherman just started three years ago, but he makes the best organic juices on the planet. I love to get the acai bowl."





On the Cabana Pool Deck at the 1 Hotel South Beach.

Yep, It's Still a Hotel Town

In the past year or so, Miami Beach has seen an influx of excellent resorts that are over-the-top awesome, with great restaurants and the sort of pool—or pools—you expect. Even better: The beach is right there.

1 HOTEL SOUTH BEACH

Once the hard-partying Gansevoort, this 426-room behemoth is now about wellness in all its forms, from the cold-press smoothies in the morning, to the rooftop yoga classes, to the on-property SoulCycle studio. Natural fibers and neutral tones create a Miami by way of Canyon Ranch vibe, and while the lobby bar gets loud at night, rooms are (thankfully) well-insulated retreats with oversized, marble-clad bathrooms.

THE MIAMI BEACH EDITION

The Mid-Beach outpost of Ian Schrager's latest brand feels like it was made to be Instagrammed: It's got the sultry Matador Room restaurant, an underground bowling alley with flattering, James Turrell-esque lighting, even a year-round indoor ice-skating rink. Yabu Pushelberg filled the airy oversized rooms with a cream and blond wood color palette, and the big, bright baths are stocked with Le Labo products.

NAUTILUS, A SIXTY HOTEL

A refurbed classic, the Nautilus occupies the original Morris Lapidus-designed Continental Hotel, and the legendary architect's airy Mid Mod lobby is as grand as ever. Today, it's filled with contemporary art—including paintings by Grear Patterson and Gabriele De Santis—from a show curated by Rome-based art magazine *Cura*. The rooms are smallish, so it's worth splurging for an oceanview balcony that overlooks the huge pool and the beach beyond.



GETTING AROUND

Uber is illegal in Miami-Dade County, although you'd never know it given how easy it is to hail a ride: Cars often show up in less than three minutes. Fares, even at surge prices, are crazy cheap—from just \$5 for trips around South Beach. City officials say a deal to legalize the service could happen soon.

ONE-STOP SHOP: THE WEBSTER / HAMMAM: TIERRA SANTA HEALING HOUSE AT THE FAENA HOTEL MIAMI BEACH

A Pro's Guide to Dinner

Lee Schrager has eaten just about everywhere in Miami since founding the South Beach Wine & Food Festival in 2002. These are the spots he's loving right now.

CENA BY MICHY

“Michelle Bernstein’s newest project has a creative menu with dishes like beet-and-sorghum risotto and roasted carrots with ricotta and dukkah, the Egyptian seasoning blend.”

FOOO'S

“Owner David Fouquier is leading Downtown’s burgeoning dining scene, dropping hints of his Persian heritage in items like the lamb shank for two and the endive salad.”

KLIMA

“I love the Barcelona meets South Beach atmosphere, natural wood accents, fennel carpaccio, and slow-cooked egg with potato and Iberian ham.”

NAIYARA

“Two years in the making, the second restaurant from chef Piyarat Potha Arreeratn—Chef Bee for short—nails it with his street-style udon and sticky Sriracha chicken wings.”

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Spanish Secrets

The medieval walled village of Pedraza, 90 minutes north of Madrid, makes a perfect antidote to the clamor of the capital.

This tiny throwback maze of cobblestoned streets and rustic limestone houses has long been an under-the-radar getaway for stylish Madrileños—like Mafalda Muñoz, co-director of the gallery Machado-Muñoz, who's been visiting for decades. Here, her essential tips.

WHEN TO GO

"Pedraza is magical on the **Night of Candles**, the first two Saturdays in July. All the lights are turned off, and the village is lit with candles. Early September is also great: Produce is at its peak, and a bullfighting ring is set up in town."

WHAT TO TASTE

"You must have an *aperitivo* in the Plaza Mayor, where many buildings date back to the 1600s—**El Soportal** is excellent for tapas and local wine. And the classic Pedraza dish is *judiones de La Granja*, enormous beans cooked with chorizo and *morcilla* and served with baby lamb or pork."

WHAT TO SEE

"The medieval **Pedraza Castle** is spectacular. Basque painter Ignacio Zuloaga bought it in the 1920s; his children turned the tower into a museum for his work and paintings from his collection, including a Goya and an El Greco Christ. I also love the twelfth-century **Iglesia de San Juan Bautista**, but I'm biased—it's where my husband and I got married."

WHAT TO BRING BACK

"For a small town, there's great shopping. My favorite spot is the pewter workshop **Estaños de Pedraza**. The ancient sand-mold technique is still used to make beautiful classic tableware and lamps."

AS TOLD TO GIANLUCA LONGO

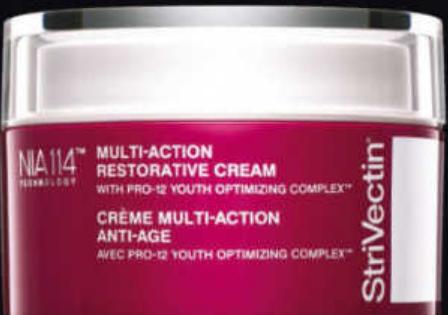
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"I'M WORKING really hard to make it look like I'm not working really hard," says Travis Lett, who's sitting beneath a tree on a sleepy stretch of Sunset Avenue in Venice, California, explaining how he manages to make healthy food both delicious and seemingly simple in its appearance. "I don't want to admit it," he adds, tucking a loose strand of blond hair behind his ear, "but the simpler it looks, the harder it is." Indeed, though the perennially tanned, wiry 37-year-old could pass for a reluctant male model with too much time on his hands, he's been up since 4 A.M. baking bread at his whitewashed bakery/restaurant, Gjesta, and prepping for another busy day at his other Venice restaurant, Gjelina, beloved for its fresh, veggie-forward Cal-Italian dishes like salted anchovy wood-fired pizzas, dandelion salad, braised pork meatballs, and roasted fennel. Per Lett's usual routine, he won't be wrapping up until 11 P.M. "I don't take days off and sit on the beach," he says. "Learning how to be a chef, a businessman, and a company owner has been a gnarly, gnarly grind."

Lett is an unapologetic apostle of farm-to-table cooking, counting the matriarchal triumvirate of California cuisine—Alice Waters, Nancy Silverton, and Judith Rogers—as his biggest influences. But his integrity-driven, distinctly West Coast-inspired style also stems from a childhood spent in the affluent suburb of Chatham, New Jersey, in the '80s. Lett was that kid at the lunch table whom nobody wanted to trade with. Most often, all he had was seasonal organic vegetables, nori rolls, miso soup, and maybe—on special occasions—a brown-rice cookie baked with arrowroot. Lett loved cheap pizza as much as the next 12-year-old, but at home his parents kept what he calls a "severe" macrobiotic vegan diet, which his financier father had discovered during military service in Japan. When Lett developed asthma, his mother implemented a

treatment plan that, at the time, was highly unusual. "My football coach told me to get inhalers," he recalls, "and I was like, 'It's all good, I'm not eating dairy.' He thought I was out of my mind."

After attending the University of Colorado, Boulder (where he majored in "snowboarding, chasing chicks, and bong-hitting," with a "minor" in studio art), Lett landed in Los Angeles at 23. He was drawn to the rough-hewn, surf-inflected atmosphere of Venice, even though all his friends in West Hollywood would tell him, "Be careful, Venice is a shithole." Initially he slept in his Jeep ("Nobody would harass you," he says), but eventually moved into a dirt-cheap apartment just off the speedway, with one tiny window. "If you looked from the right



The Merchant of Venice

Travis Lett transformed Abbot Kinney into one of L.A.'s most happening streets by cooking impossibly gratifying Caliminded food. Not bad for a self-taught chef from Jersey. **By Laurence Lowe**



angle, you could see a little blue,” Lett recalls. “For a Jersey boy, it was a dream come true.”

Lett was always interested in the intersection of food and politics thanks to his parents, who believed, long before it was trendy, that one’s values were inextricably linked to what one eats. But becoming a professional chef was never his long-term plan. “I just remember thinking it would be cool to know how to cook when I date a chick.” After working as a kitchen manager in a sushi joint, at 25 he was tapped to open the 930 restaurant at the new W hotel in Westwood—a career-making, six-figure-paying gig that Lett recalls as “a fucking nightmare.” After two years of “staying up all night, doing God knows what” with B-list celebrities in their hotel rooms, Lett left and was, as he puts it, “over the whole chef thing.” He spent all of his free time at the beach and hanging out at a coffee shop called Abbot’s Habit, where a mutual friend introduced him to Fran Camaj, a Detroit native who wanted to convert a piece of property he owned into a restaurant. “For Fran, it could’ve been a burger joint,” says Lett, who initially agreed to help him come up with a food concept and design the kitchen—nothing more. But the more resources and freedom Camaj gave him, the more Lett became attached to the project, eventually securing a 50-50 partnership.

Above: Squash blossom and burrata pizza at Gjelina.

When Gjelina opened on Abbot Kinney Boulevard in 2008, the menu offered a few wood-fired pizzas, one meat and one fish, and vegetable dishes sourced from the Santa Monica farmers’ market. Lett insists that the food wasn’t passable at first. “It was just me and a couple of guys in our aprons trying things out, fucking everything up,” he says. Suzanne Goin, the James Beard Award-winning chef behind Lucques and A.O.C., remembers it differently. “It was always good,” she says. “Travis makes the food I want to eat. Sinking into a chair on that patio at 2 p.m. on a weekday with a bottle of rosé became my in-town ‘pretend you’re on vacation’ spot.” The city’s pre-eminent food critic, Jonathan Gold, praised the restaurant’s halcyon patio centered around a fire pit as “everything that might persuade a snowbound New Yorker to change coasts.”

Venice has fueled escapist fantasies ever since Abbot Kinney (also a New Jerseyan) founded the city in 1905, but they generally didn’t involve rosé until Gjelina came along. The live-and-let-live seaside neighborhood has long been a haven for bodybuilders, surf bums, the homeless, and drug dealers. But in the last few years, Abbot Kinney Boulevard has turned into an open-air strip mall for the bougie set, complete with a Steven Alan boutique and pour-over coffee shops aplenty. Some point to Lett’s flagship restaurant as the catalyst, since it has been packed from the start with up-and-coming actors, multi-hyphenate creatives, and the latter-day techies of Silicon Beach. “Gjelina just hit,” Lett says. “Venice needed a place that spoke to what was shifting around here, and it had the right food sensibility.”

It wasn’t until 2014 that Lett decided to open his second outpost, Gjusta, an airy bakery/restaurant with a sailcloth-covered patio where idle Angelenos breakfast on whole-grain porridge and baklava croissants. Despite Gjusta’s preposterously serene vibe, its debut was greeted with protests by a small number of anti-gentrification activists—including resident Zach Galifianakis. It is located at the psycho-geographical intersection of two Venices: directly across the street from the first Gold’s Gym, and around the corner from Google’s office complex. Lett has long received a disproportionate share of the blame from the “keep Venice weird” crowd. “We could have had a dozen restaurants by now, but it’s not in my best interest to become the Donald Trump of Venice,” Lett says. “Google, Facebook, and Snapchat have moved a lot of people out here, but I’m an easy target. Look, I’m bored with the gentrification conversation. If someone wants to interest me in a discussion, let’s talk about how to get better food into L.A. schools. There are kids in Watts who are eating out of fucking cans.”

Lett certainly isn’t slowing down. He’s been taking frequent trips to Japan—digging up the roots of his parents’ Japanese vegan diet. Later this year, Lett will open his next as-yet-unnamed restaurant on Abbot Kinney. “It will have an izakaya feel,” he says, “but with a Japanese farm-to-table sensibility that we really don’t see in the States too much. Japanese food, as we know it, is sushi primarily. White rice and teriyaki—stuff like that. But there is a seasonality to Japanese food, and my parents ate all that. I’m paying homage to my childhood exposure. It kind of completes the circle.” ♦

ROME

Conversation Piece

When Mario Batali tells you he likes your food blog and asks if you can meet for breakfast, your answer is obviously yes. So began Batali's friendship with food journalist Katie Parla (he even wrote the forward to her new cookbook, *Tasting Rome*, out this month). We asked them both for their expert opinion on the Eternal City's culinary pleasures.

Are there certain dishes that just taste better in Rome?

MB: Everything tastes better in Rome. A bowl of *cacio e pepe* at Roscioli is a thing of beauty—it can't be replicated.

What's the one under-the-radar

Roman pasta everyone should try?

KP: *Rigatoni con la pajata*—intestines of suckling veal cooked in tomato sauce and tossed with pasta. It's profoundly Roman but restaurants rarely include it on their English menu—always check the Italian menu at any restaurant.

When you want to splurge in Rome, where do you go?

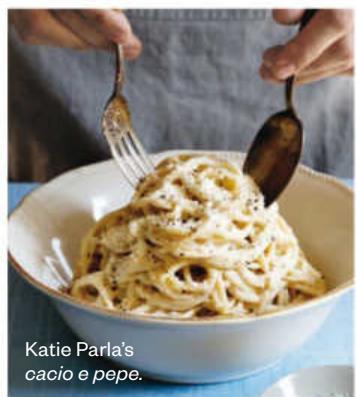
MB: No restaurant does old-school luxury as well as La Pergola. I dream of chef Heinz Beck's *fagotelli carbonara*.

KP: I'll go with Il Sanlorenzo. They use the freshest local seafood; their *spaghetti alle vongole* is unforgettable; and there's no *carbonara* on the menu (which is refreshing).

Any regional dishes you wish would take off in the States?

KP: It's hard to break into the holy pasta trinity of *cacio e pepe*, *carbonara*, and *amatriciana*, but I think *gricia-guanciale* (cured pork jowl), *pecorino*, and black pepper—is going to do it.

MB: More offal! We've embraced it, but not to the degree Romans appreciate the "fifth quarter." There's a lot more than just tripe and tongue—I'd love to offer heart and pancreas. Yum!



GETTING THERE

The New Way to the Old World

An ever-growing armada of European carriers are becoming viable alternatives to major airlines, with mind-bogglingly cheap flights (that come at a price).

	Condor	La Compagnie	Norwegian	Wow Air
THE AIRLINE	Flying in Europe since 1956, Condor has recently added summer-season flights from Frankfurt to U.S. cities including Providence, R.I., and Portland, Ore. It already serves Las Vegas and Seattle year-round, with Austin flights starting in June.	This two-year-old startup flies only between Newark and London or Paris but offers an alternative to big-name business-class service, with just 74 seats on each of its two Boeing 757s (which might normally accommodate three times that many).	Began long-haul flights in 2013, connecting Fort Lauderdale and N.Y.C. to Europe with cutting-edge Boeing 787s. The airline now flies to seven U.S. cities; it added flights to Guadeloupe and Martinique from Boston, Baltimore, and N.Y.C. in 2015.	This ultra-low-cost carrier has new Airbuses that fly to Reykjavik and on to 21 other European cities, and launched Boston and Baltimore flights in 2015. Fares are super-cheap, but you pay extra for just about everything, including picking a seat (from \$7).
WHO IT'S FOR	The Germany bound—or those connecting to the rest of Europe by train.	Anyone splurging on a last-minute Europe trip—or those without major-alliance points for an upgrade.	#AvGeeks who care more about flying the latest airline—and airliner—than the destination.	Budget-minded fliers who don't mind a 4 A.M. layover in Iceland en route to Barcelona.
SAMPLE FARE*	Las Vegas-Frankfurt, \$1,060.	Newark-Paris, \$1,695.	New York-Oslo, \$412.	Boston-Copenhagen, \$624.
WHAT'S INCLUDED	A checked bag, meals, a handful of movies on the seat-back entertainment system.	Meals, wine, a movie-stocked tablet, and a comfortable I-can-sleep-here seat.	A single carry-on bag weighing 22 pounds or less.	A single carry-on bag weighing 11 pounds or less.
WHAT'S NOT	In-flight booze. But upgrade to premium class (from \$99) and you'll get drinks plus more space.	A backup plan: With only two planes, it's likely the next flight out isn't until tomorrow if anything goes wrong.	Creature comforts. Seat selection, meals, and a checked bag are extra (prices vary; for this round-trip, \$93).	Seats with extra legroom (from \$19 per flight), a checked bag (from \$38 per flight), even water (\$2).

*ROUND-TRIP PER PERSON, FLYING MAY 26-31.



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T r a v e l

WHY YOU
SHOULD

YES, WE LIVE IN UNCERTAIN TIMES. BUT STAYING HOME AND HAND-WRINKING WON'T DO ANY GOOD. EXPERIENCING THE WORLD FIRSTHAND WILL TRANSFORM YOU—AND MAYBE EVEN TRANSFORM THE WORLD IN TURN. NEED CONVINCING? LISTEN TO WHAT 20 COMMITTED TRAVELERS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT WHY YOU SHOULD GO NOW, MORE THAN EVER.

*Because You'll Be
Amazed by What the World
Gives You Back*

ELIZABETH
GILBERT,
AUTHOR, *BIG MAGIC*

Here's a story about a trip I took that changed my life, but not in the way I had planned.

Back in 2002, I went away by myself for ten days to a tiny fishing island in the middle of Indonesia. It was the farthest-away place I could find on the map, and all I wanted right then was to be as far removed as possible from all that I knew. My life was a mess. My life, in fact, looked like a dropped pie; everything was on the floor in pieces. I was going through a bad divorce, and in the process I was losing a husband, losing a house, losing money, losing friends, losing sleep, losing myself.

So I took myself to this little island 10,000 miles from home, where I rented a small bamboo hut that cost a few dollars a day. My plan was to spend ten days in silence and isolation. I hoped that making myself small and quiet would heal me. I guess what I really wanted was to disappear, and this island seemed the perfect place for it. There was no Internet, and I had no access to a phone. Transportation consisted of fishing boats, or wooden carts pulled by skinny ponies. Here, surely, I could hide from the world.

Soon, I fell into a routine. Every day, I would walk twice around the perimeter of the entire island—once at dawn and again at dusk. While I walked, I would try to meditate, but usually I ended up arguing with myself, or ruminating over my life's many failures as I fell apart into tears. As for the rest of the day, I believe I slept a lot. I was awfully depressed. I hadn't brought any books with me to disappear into. I didn't swim; I didn't sunbathe;



JOHN KERRY,
U.S. SECRETARY
OF STATE

Traveling enables us to see the world through the eyes of someone else, and to understand their aspirations and assumptions. It's about empathy, which is not only important to the work of our diplomats but to all of us as we seek to understand different cultures as well as our own.

I barely ate. I just executed my two walks a day, and the rest of the time I hid in my hut and wished the sadness out of me.

There were a few other tourists on the island, but they were all romantic couples and they mostly ignored me—I was a skinny, hollow-eyed, solo woman who talked to herself and gave off a freaky vibe. The local fishermen also looked right through me whenever I walked by. Maybe I actually was vanishing from the material world. I certainly felt that way.

But there was one woman who saw me—and that changed everything. She was a local fisherman's wife, and she lived in a tiny shack on the other side of the island. Like all the locals, she was Muslim. She dressed modestly, with a head scarf. She seemed to be in her mid-thirties, though she had spent a lifetime in the sun so her age was hard to determine. She

A QUICK NOTE FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT ABOUT TRAVELING SAFELY: "WE ENCOURAGE U.S. CITIZENS WHO ARE TRAVELING OR LIVING ABROAD TO ENROLL IN THE SMART TRAVELER ENROLLMENT PROGRAM (STEP). THIS ENABLES THEM TO RECEIVE OUR MESSAGES DIRECTLY VIA E-MAIL OR SMS. THE DEPARTMENT POSTS TRAVEL ALERTS, TRAVEL WARNINGS, AND COUNTRY-SPECIFIC INFORMATION FOR ALL COUNTRIES ON OUR WEB SITE, TRAVEL.STATE.GOV."

J N O W

had a chubby little toddler who was always crawling about and playing at her feet.

The first morning I walked by her house, the woman looked up from her work in her scrubby subsistence garden and smiled at me. I smiled back, as best I could manage.

After that, she always seemed to be standing outside her house when I passed—once at dawn and again at dusk. After a while, it seemed like she was waiting for me to come by. She was my only point of human contact in the world, and her mere recognition of my existence made me feel slightly less lonely. Once, I glanced back at her, and I saw that she was still looking after me, her hand shading her eyes. She was keeping an eye on me, is what it felt like.

On my eighth night on the island, I got terribly sick. It could have been food poisoning, or contaminated drinking water—or maybe it was just that I had finally reached the bottom of my grief and everything bad was coming out of me at last. I was shaking and feverish, vomiting and scared. It was terrifying to be so isolated and so ill. Also, the generators weren't working that night; there was no light. I remember crawling toward the



MELINDA GATES,
CHAIR AND TRUSTEE,
BILL & MELINDA GATES
FOUNDATION

I'VE LEARNED THAT THE MOST MEANINGFUL KIND OF TRAVEL DOESN'T ONLY CLOSE GEOGRAPHIC DISTANCES BETWEEN PEOPLE, IT BRINGS THEM CLOSER IN OTHER WAYS, TOO.

bathroom in the darkness for the tenth time and wondering, *Why did I come here, so far away from anyone who cares about me?*

I stayed in bed all the next day, shaking and sweating and dehydrated. I had a dreadful thought that I might die on this island all alone, and that my mother would never know what happened to me.

That evening, after sundown, there was a knock on the door.

On trembling legs, I walked and opened it. It was the woman from the other side of the island—the fisherman's wife. She didn't speak English, and I don't speak Bahasa, but it was clear that she was checking on me and that she was worried. When she saw my condition, she looked even more worried. She put up a finger, like: Wait.

Less than an hour later, she was back. She brought me a plate of rice, some chopped-up herbs, and a jug of fresh water. She came into the shack and sat on the side of my bed while I ate every bite of this healing food. I started crying. She put her arm around me, and I folded myself into her as if she were my own mother—even though we were almost the same age. She stayed with me for about an hour, until I was composed. She didn't say a word; she just sat with me, arms around me, as if to say: I see you. You exist. I will stay with you. I will make sure you are safe.

Only after she had departed did I have the clarity to piece together what must have happened. This stranger had come to find me because she'd noticed that I had missed both my morning and my evening walks, and she could clearly see: Something is not right with this one.

And because this was her island—her territory—and because she knew I was alone, she took it upon herself to look after me. She, who had so little to share, made me her responsibility and took the risk of reaching out.

The distance I had traveled may have been vast (10,000 miles from home), but the distance she traveled was vaster (all the way across the island, to knock on a stranger's door) and the kindness of her actions opened my heart to awe and amazement.

And that's when I realized that my entire impulse had been dead wrong. I needed the exact opposite of isolation; I needed connection. This stranger had seen my need, and she had offered fellowship. In so doing, she not only healed me but taught me these lessons: Be not solitary, and be not proud. See others, and allow yourself to be seen. Help others, and allow yourself to be helped. Make contact, and be open to kindness.

When I returned home to the States, I was not so proud. I sought out human contact. I found people to talk to about my troubles. I shared my vulnerability and my sadness, and made new friends and built a new community as a result. I reached

Follow the hashtag #whytravelnow on social media (@cntraveler) for additional posts from our network of globetrotters, and share your own reasons for hitting the road now.

out for love and assistance—and ultimately that's what made me okay again.

I have never told this story before, so why am I telling it now?

I tell this story because it occurred almost one year to the day after September 11, 2001. I was a New Yorker whose city had just been attacked. A bunch of people had warned me against going to Indonesia because they said that I—an American woman, traveling alone—would not be safe there. But I went to Indonesia anyhow, right into the heart of a small Islamic community, and there I met one of the kindest human beings I've ever known. She enveloped me in safety when I was most afraid, and she helped me to heal. She also modeled for me an example of how we are meant to look after each other in the world—a model that I have tried to live up to ever since.

I tell this story because I will never forget that woman's face, and I dearly hope that she will never forget mine. Whenever I hear people getting panicked about the Islamic world, I think of her. It is my hope that I will always be her personal representation of the West—and that I showed her my humanity just as purely as she showed me hers.

I tell this story because it seems like everyone is so afraid of each other right now. Increasingly, my country (safe, powerful, privileged) is becoming a place filled with absolutely terrified people. The Land of the Brave has become The Land of the Very Anxious. We are retreating inside our own individual

panic rooms and locking the door behind us. More and more we don't go anywhere. Nor do we welcome anyone unknown into our midst. We don't want to know that stranger, and we don't want her knowing us.

To be sure, the world can be a scary place, and we all want to be safe, but here's the thing—safety can never be found in isolation. Human warmth and openness will always be our only place of true safety. Be careful about hiding yourself away, because walls that are meant to be fortresses can quickly turn into prisons. Be careful about trying to become invisible or you may accidentally disappear. The very thing that you believe is protecting you may ultimately be endangering you—by making your life smaller, poorer, and more deeply saturated with fear.

I am not afraid of the world, but I am afraid of people who are afraid of the world. (Terrified people, after all, have a reputation for making terrible decisions.) I want to live in a society filled with people who are curious and concerned about each other rather than afraid of each other. I want to live in a world full of brave people who are willing to risk not only adventure but emotional intimacy. I want to live in a world full of explorers and generous souls rather than people who have voluntarily become prisoners of their own fortresses. I want to live in a world full of people who look into each other's faces along the path of life and ask, Who are you, my friend, and how can we serve each other?

For that to happen, we must all be travelers—in the world, in our own communities, and even in our imaginations. We must risk that journey to the other side of the island, we must keep knocking on each other's doors, and we must keep letting each other in. ♦

DAVID REMNICK,
EDITOR,
THE NEW YORKER

I have a secret Victorian vice: I love reading about other people's horrific journeys—the polar explorers, their ship in splinters, forced to eat blubber and ashes and then each other; the Siberian adventurer tortured by cumulus

clouds of mosquitoes and black flies; the food critic sidelined with gout. Someday a hedge-fund titan possessed of a prose style will regale us with the tragic failure of his G5 to pick him up on time in Anguilla. Meanwhile, I satisfy my wanderlust, cool drink within reach, at once still and transported.

PHILLIP LIM, CO-FOUNDER, 3.1 PHILLIP LIM

One of the most special moments of my 2015 trip to Bhutan was playing badminton at a monastery with a young monk who was completely full of joy and peace. The country's spiritual approach to life was a gift of enlightenment and strength.



BARBARA BUSH,
CO-FOUNDER, GLOBAL
HEALTH CORPS

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT,
CHAIR, ALBRIGHT
STONEBRIDGE GROUP

The answer to the world's problems today is not to turn inward. We simply have to seize every opportunity to promote understanding between countries and across cultures. And there's no better way to do that than to explore the world with an open mind, a sturdy carry-on, and clothes that don't wrinkle.

YOKO ONO, ACTIVIST, ARTIST

It CIRCUA



PADMA LAKSHMI,
TV HOST AND AUTHOR, *LOVE,
LOSS, AND WHAT WE ATE: A
MEMOIR*

My mother and I moved to California when I was a teenager, and it meant that my yearly trips to visit my grandma in Chennai (or Madras as it was then called) grew even longer. I would fly, alone, from LAX to Tokyo, then to Singapore, where I'd spend a whole day and night, and finally continue to India. I hated how long it took. I'd hitch a ride with one of several

guys touting their hotels at arrivals, find myself an inexpensive room, and hope that nothing would happen to me. This would, I realize, never happen today. But I came to love the layovers, discovering not just a new city but a new me, self-reliant and adventurous. I met a French writer who lived on the Singaporean island of Pulau Ubin, having moved there after her sister had run off with her husband in Paris; I met a couple, university professors from Boston. I shopped the malls and I ate off the street carts, setting my own schedule and course. It was on these trips—solo vacations which gave me a taste of adulthood and independence—that I first realized I love to travel for travel's sake.

DONNA KARAN, FOUNDER, URBAN ZEN FOUNDATION

In the past, when design students asked me for advice about getting into fashion, I would tell them to get a job in retail. Now I tell them to see the world.

We must reach beyond both our borders and our comfort zones to confront today's greatest challenges—and to experience the refreshing joy that you can recognize yourself in others, regardless of where on the planet you may live.

DAO-YI CHOW AND MAXWELL OSBORNE,
FOUNDERS, PUBLIC SCHOOL

IT'S NOT JUST LEARNING ABOUT DIFFERENT CULTURES, PEOPLE, AND PLACES. TRAVELING TODAY IS ALSO ABOUT BRINGING THOSE EXPERIENCES BACK TO SHARE WITH YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

ANNABELLE SELLDORF,
FOUNDING PRINCIPAL,
SELLDORF
ARCHITECTS

Travel literally forces us out of our routines and, in doing so, gives us the freedom to see things with fresh eyes.



ROBERT F. KENNEDY, JR.,
PRESIDENT,
WATERKEEPER ALLIANCE

My grandfather considered it critical for his children to travel. He wanted to broaden their perspective and help them understand the conflicting worldviews that often lead to unnecessary crisis and wars. He sent my uncles John and Joe to study in London under the Socialist professor Harold Laski, with whom he adamantly disagreed. He sent Uncle Joe to Spain to write about the Spanish Revolution, and Jack to Germany to report on Hitler's rise, and my father to Jerusalem to witness Israel's violent birth and then to Soviet Asia and Leningrad during the height of Stalin's purges. He dispatched Teddy to Africa during the anticolonial struggles and my father and Jack to Vietnam in 1951 to witness firsthand the French legionnaires' battle for Dien Bien Phu. He sent all of his girls, too, to far-flung

outposts of the globe. The perspective that his children gained from those travels led my uncle, John Kennedy, to establish the Peace Corps, USAID, and the Alliance for Progress, and gave him the confidence to resist his advisers' unanimous advice to invade Laos and send combat troops to Vietnam. JFK's ability to understand the foreign perspective laid the groundwork for his extraordinary friendship with Nikita Khrushchev that allowed us to avoid Armageddon during the Cuban Missile Crisis. His American University address was a seminar for the American people on the history and cultural background of the Soviet perspective upon which he laid his argument for a nuclear test ban treaty.

When Americans turn their backs on the world, it's a simple thing for our leaders to persuade us that any new war will be a cakewalk and that we will be met by flowers in the street. If America is to exercise the kind of idealistic world leadership that every American desires, we need to know as much as possible about the cultures and peoples we seek to lead.

T E S your brain.



CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR,
CHIEF INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT, CNN

Travel is vital, especially in the worst of times. I would say that, though, wouldn't I, as a journalist who runs toward danger, not away from it? But in both good and difficult times alike, traveling and meeting people with different and opposing ideas is as important as finding the most inviting beaches, visiting the best restaurants, and seeing the sights.

KELLY WEARSTLER,
FOUNDER, KELLY WEARSTLER STUDIO

As our world is getting so homogenized, it's more important than ever to seek out the authentic, the artisanal, and the unique. On a recent trip to Istanbul, I found the Blue Mosque wildly inspiring, with its majestic tilework, vibrant colors, and patterns that came together to create such beautiful stories.

AERIN LAUDER,
FOUNDER AND CREATIVE DIRECTOR, AERIN

TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD, YOU HAVE TO SEE THE WORLD.



DEEPAK CHOPRA,
CO-AUTHOR, *SUPER GENES*

Traveling the world brings you the profound insight that as different as appearances, tastes, dresses, music, and cultures may be across the globe, people are the same.



RICHARD BRANSON,
FOUNDER,
VIRGIN GROUP

WE CANNOT LET FEAR DICTATE HOW WE LIVE OUR LIVES.

Soon after the November 2015 Paris attacks, I didn't think twice about my plans to visit for the COP21 climate change discussions. More than ever before, the world needed to come together. Beyond the contribution travel provides to economies, it plays a vital role in our understanding of diverse cultures, in bringing people together, and in finding solutions to some of the world's biggest challenges. It's not enough to read about the world; the most important education comes from firsthand experience.

Travel unlocks a world of flavor.

MARCUS SAMUELSSON,
CHEF/OWNER, RED ROOSTER HARLEM AND STREETBIRD ROTISSERIE



The ornate main hall at the Athangudi mansion in the Chettiar town of Athangudi. **Right:** Girl in red skirt at the Sri Sathyagiri Natha Perumal Temple, in Thirumayam.

T a m i l



FOR TWO DECADES, GUY TREBAY HAS BEEN ESCAPING TO THIS SERENE CORNER OF SOUTHERN INDIA—AND WHILE ITS SACRED TEMPLE TOWNS, EXTRAVAGANT MANSIONS, AND GRACIOUS PEOPLE ARE NOW DEEPLY FAMILIAR, HE FINDS IT'S STILL A PLACE FOR UNSCRIPTED ADVENTURE.

N a d u

Photographs by FELIX ODELL

A columnated hall at
the Athangudi mansion.



T



Tiny Guna capered about barefoot, hopping on the balls of his feet.

“Five hundred rupees, gentleman,” he said, fanning a pack of photographic postcards illustrating Arjuna’s Penance, the eighth-century Shore Temple, and a gravity-defying boulder called Krishna’s Butter Ball.

Guna’s thumbnails, I noticed, were painted red.

“Too much, Guna, too much,” I said, laughing, as a veil of marine mist drifted over us and over the seaside temple complex at Mahabalipuram and over a lane of shuttered souvenir shops fringed with clusters of tattered palm trees.

“Fifty,” I said, quoting an amount in rupees roughly equivalent to a U.S. dollar. Out shot a tiny hand.

“Okay, fine, sir, very fine, gentleman,” said Guna, who is the size of a child and looks 50 but has claimed when we have met in the past to be 20 or sometimes 30 but who, with his grave small face, could be any age at all.

“First sale of the day,” said Guna brightly; in India, a day’s first sale is often taken as a bright augury.

Then, in an instant, Guna was gone, having disappeared under the canopy of a gulmohar tree. And I, too, was headed off—to the Shore Temple itself, a UNESCO World Heritage Site that on this particular April morning seemed to be the exclusive province of some snoozing yellow pye-dogs, a scattering of noisome ravens, and me.

Friends are seldom convinced when I mention how often I have experienced days like this in India, finding it hard to believe that parallel to the teeming, filthy place of cinematic and journalistic cliché is another country, one in which I have experienced uncommon serenity. It is not that I question their incomprehension: India, after all, is a vast place, a country whose population of 1.25 billion is gaining fast on that of China.

Where are they all? Increasingly and in great numbers, India’s population is quitting the countryside for urban centers, abandoning traditional village life for the rapidly metastasizing megacities that are coming to define the Subcontinent and possibly also the rest of the developing world. Yet demographic shifts were not exactly top-of-mind that morning. As often in the past, I had come to India seeking solitude and—as also in the past—I had a strategy.

Back in New Delhi my old friend, the artist and photographer Dayanita Singh, had regaled me over breakfast at the Taj Mahal Hotel with stories of the recent Venice Biennale. It used to be that when Dayanita returned to India from her global art rounds, she stopped just long enough to change clothes and then hop a flight to Goa, where she’d purchased a Portuguese colonial mansion some years back.



Lately, Dayanita announced, Goa has become the Hamptons of India, full of hot restaurants and mobbed dance clubs and cocktail-ing socialites. Now, when she wants some peace and quiet and escape from the incestuous socializing that tends to define India's creative classes, she heads in another direction. She goes farther south.

She goes to the somnolent temple towns of Tamil Nadu, the very ones I've been sneaking off to for the better part of two decades; drowsy backwaters where it can sometimes seem that if only a metaphoric plug were pulled one would fall back in time and find oneself returned to the classical world.

I am referring here to towns like Mahabalipuram or Gangaikonda Cholapuram (whose tongue-twisting name alone has surely kept it from greater renown); to vital Hindu pilgrimage sites like busy Madurai; and also to coastal villages like Avudaiyarkoil, where bicycles and bullocks outnumber cars.

I am thinking, too, of the mansion towns of Chettinad.

It has been 20 years since I took my first automotive journey down the Coromandel Coast to the Shore Temple, jogging inland on impulse to a region few in those days knew much about. Along routes mainly trafficked then by bullock carts, my long detour led me into a semi-arid land of palm-lined roads twining deep into the Tamil heartland.

Back then, Chettinad seemed to a traveler to have been slumbering in some kind of long hibernation, its villages moated by a distance as much temporal as physical. There was something dreamlike about

motoring through placid landscapes of rice paddies, palm groves, raucously colored bougainvillea, and yellow-flowering flame trees, suddenly to fetch up in villages filled with row upon row of extravagant mansions.

Though they seemed like stage sets, these villages founded long ago by the Nattukottai Chettiars—a caste of traders and bankers—were very real. And there were scores of them, designed and built in three great waves beginning in the mid-nineteenth century and ending just after India's independence. The results of these building booms remain as impressive as they are confounding, elements of Victorian, Indo-Saracenic, and vernacular South Indian architecture fused in a manner that could be seen as pastiche were the structures not given actual and aesthetic gravity by the ancient building principles that underlay their design and also by their colossal scale.

In Chettinad it is not rare to come upon houses of 50 or 100 rooms. And because the wealth to build them was derived mainly from trade conducted throughout Southeast Asia, they are also like great treasures filled with ceremonial silver, chandeliers of Bohemian crystal, floors of checkered marble, arcaded pillar halls whose columns are made from entire logs of Burmese teak.

While in recent decades most of these houses, built for large extended families, stood untenanted, overseen by ancient barefoot retainers and shrouded in muslin and desuetude, lately that has begun to change. Travelers are increasingly making their way to Chettinad, drawn by



From far left: The Chettinadu mansion in the village of Kanadukathan; the brightly painted facade of the Sri Thiruvengadam Temple, dedicated to Vishnu; a streetside banana vendor.

the oddity of the place and also by a number of stylish boutique hotels.

Out of long habit, I always stay at The Bangala, which is run by the octogenarian Chettiar entrepreneur Meenakshi Meyyappan. The charms of this small hotel set alongside the main road in the Chettinad capital of Karaikudi are many. Not least of them is the access Mrs. Meyyappan provides her guests to great private mansions that are all but impossible to enter without her help. I have seen many of these over the years, drifting around empty ballrooms and pillared courtyards under the baleful gaze of the Chettiar ancestors whose photographic portraits invariably hang angled high on the walls.

These days I come back for different reasons: out of affection for the placid landscapes, curiosity about the local temple architecture; for the chance to see masterpieces of Chola sculpture unlikely ever to leave Tamil Nadu; and for the intense enjoyment to be derived from spending time among the hospitable and deeply traditionalist Tamil people.

I also come, as many do, for the food.

Lately, Chettiar cooking has become an obligatory stop on the global foodie caravan, Western chefs finally learning to savor its complex spicing and nuanced subtleties. The Bangala's black pepper chicken, tamarind crab curry, mutton fry, and king prawns with spring onions have become enough of an attraction that tour buses now haul foreign visitors here for cooking lessons in the hotel's demonstration kitchen. Yet it is The Bangala's old-world atmosphere, most of all, that compels me to return.

During the long years of her marriage, Meenakshi Meyyappan directed her abundant gifts of hospitality toward charity work and running a large household. It was only after she was widowed in her 60s that she dialed back her charity work, which had occupied much of her time, and embarked on the transformation of what had been her father-in-law's private club into a heritage hotel.

Somehow this small woman in a cotton sari and with a tidy gray bun contrived to put the place on the international tourist map, expanding its 4 rooms to 25 and adding a pool. That Mrs. Meyyappan brought to her new enterprise a cosmopolitanism which seems startling in this rural setting should not, in itself, come as much of a surprise. Raised in the last century in what was then colonial Ceylon, Mrs. Meyyappan was the daughter of a man who was both mayor of Colombo and proprietor of the local Daimler dealership, and of a mother who, although altogether unlettered, turned her house into a cultivated international salon.

If the lessons of Mrs. Meyyappan's early life have remained with her, so too have much of her staff. Even now, the kitchen at The Bangala is overseen by septuagenarian chef Karuppiah, a cook gifted enough that hostesses in Madras spent decades trying to steal him from Mrs. Meyyappan. The dining room is the domain of her long-time majordomo, a small, handsome, bustling man named Raman. Under him, a group of similarly seasoned employees pad around barefoot in starched white shirts and crisp lungi, their sometimes unorthodox methods balanced by a humming efficiency.

f

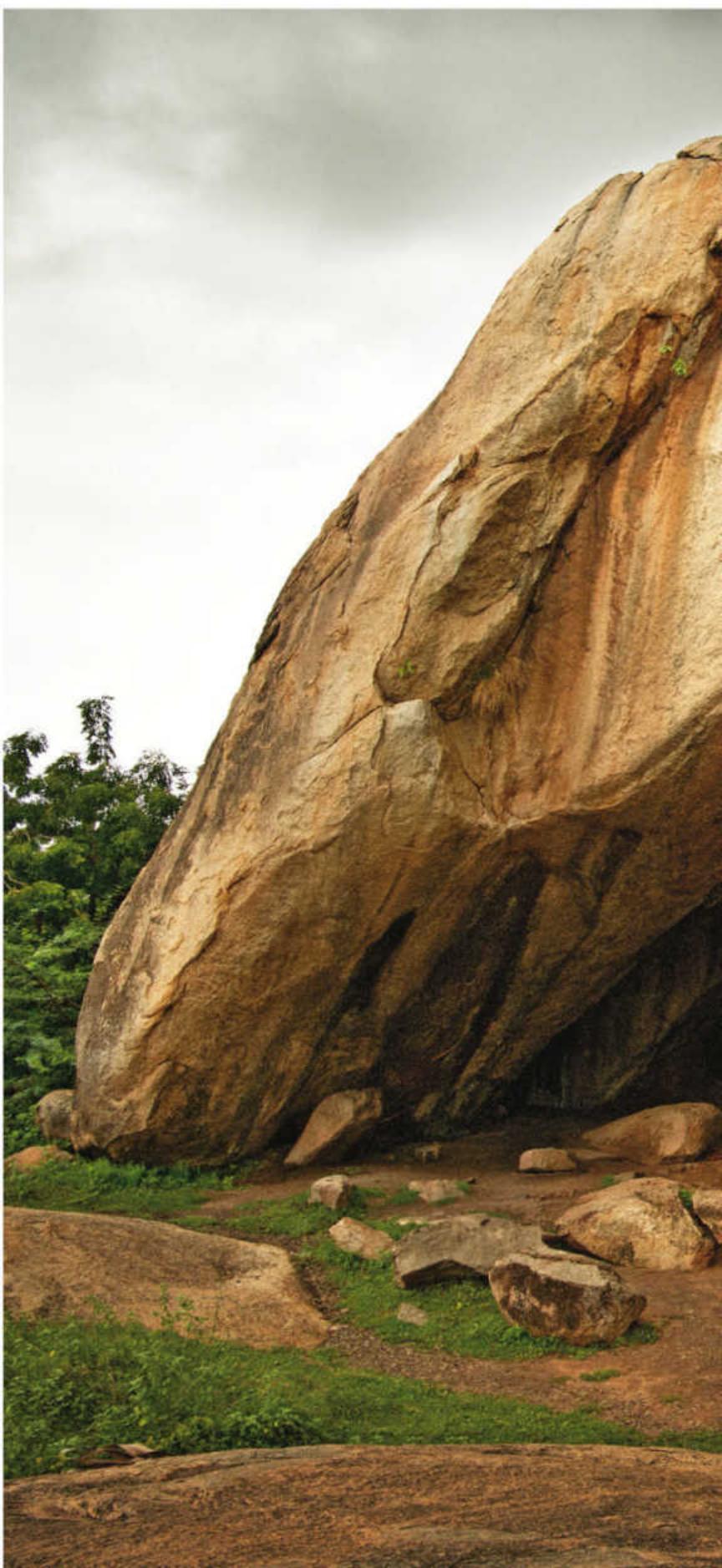
For this trip south, I asked a driver I've often employed in the past to pick me up at the Taj Coromandel hotel, my preferred digs whenever I find myself in Chennai. From there, the two of us headed out of the city and over a series of modern cloverleaf ramps onto the East Coast Road—our destination, the seaside Fisherman's Cove resort.

Last time I saw this place, the 2004 tsunami had not yet swept through, carrying off several buildings and an uncounted number of local villagers and obliterating swaths of the coast. Now the resort had been redone and lushly replanted, a series of new cottages erected close enough to the sand that from my bed I could gaze out at small whitecaps breaking on a body of water so calm it was hard to believe it had ever wrought such devastation.

The month was April—Chithirai on the Tamil calendar. It was an auspicious season in many senses, although ordinarily not in terms of weather. “Hot, hotter, and hottest” is how people tend to characterize South India’s seasons. And yet this year was different. Unseasonal torrents had swept in from the south, flooding the states of Andhra Pradesh and Odisha and dragging behind them moody cloud banks that, while they did away with shadows and cast the landscape into

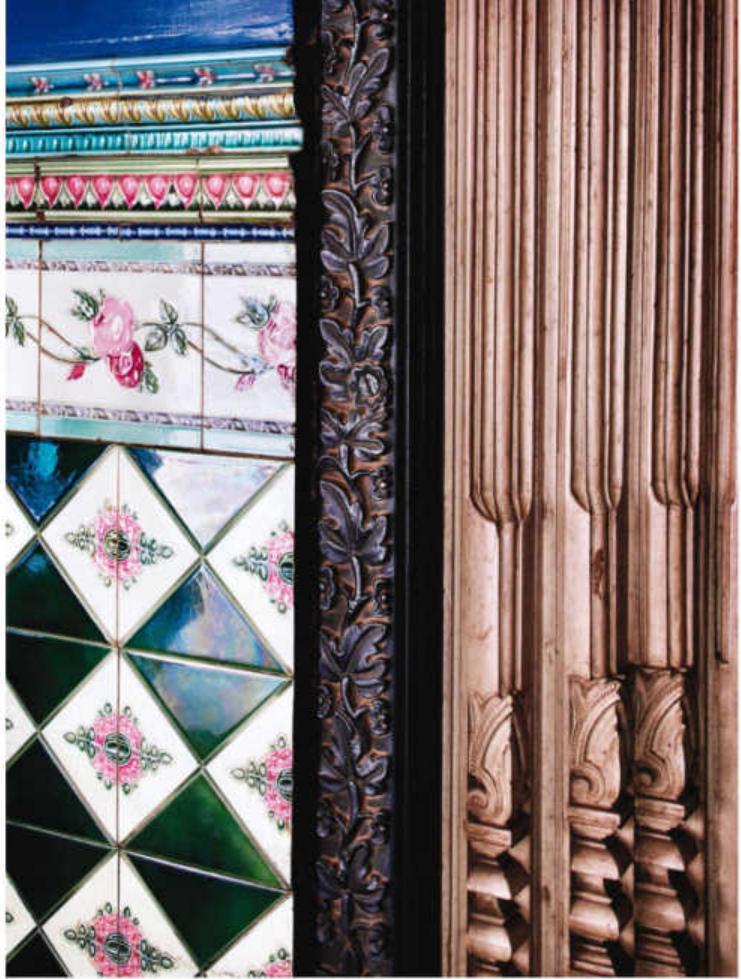


MAP BY HAISAM HUSSEIN



Enormous boulders
near Krishna's Butter Ball,
in Mahabalipuram.





Clockwise from top left: A detail from the M.S.M.M. mansion in Karaikudi; the eleventh-century Brihadeeswarar

Temple, in the city of Thanjavur; women entering a small temple in the center of Karaikudi; seasonal produce on display.

ominous relief, also brought blessed cool. If the unseasonal 70-degree weather was a nuisance to locals, who took to wearing mufflers and complaining of chill, to a traveler it was a benison.

Later at the Shore Temple, I paid what I think of as a courtesy visit to one of India's more poetic ruins, a cluster of tiered granite structures reached along an avenue flanked by rows of sentinel stone bulls. The entire fragile and yet enduring complex sits perched at the lip of what on that morning was a snarling and ominous sea.

After buying my postcards from Guna, I kicked around for a time and visited a local stonemason to pick up some of the lacy carved soapstone lanterns that are a specialty here as souvenirs for friends. Then I hopped into the rear seat of my rented Toyota and settled back for the five-hour trip inland to The Bangala hotel.

It was from this familiar perch that I would set out over the next week on daily jaunts to the little-known temples that abound in the region, first on my list a rock-cut shrine whose presiding deity is Ganesha, the elephant-headed god. Known as the remover of obstacles, Ganesha is surely the most lovable among the millions of gods in the Hindu pantheon. Pot-bellied, he has a notorious sweet tooth that devotees satisfy with candied balls called *laddus*; he also savors the sweet grass that vendors sell in fragrant bundles outside the temple, along with ropelike garlands of roses in his favorite red.

As it happened, my arrival at Pillayarpatti Temple coincided with the ritual bath of the idol. And so I found myself queuing up behind scores of pilgrims processing through a cool stone pillar hall that led to a gated portal to the inner sanctum. Once there, we all strained to yield offerings to bare-chested priests, who draped them briefly around the idol's neck for sanctification before uncloaking the gold-covered effigy and bathing it in honey, milk, and rosewater.

On the following morning, I set out early for the 90-minute drive along back roads through a flat, shimmering landscape of lagoons and paddies. My destination was the little-known temple at Avudaiyarkoil. This temple is singular not merely because its rooftop, nails, and structural beams that resemble wood are all carved from granite. Of all the Shiva temples on the Subcontinent, Avudaiyarkoil is reputed to be the sole one lacking a presiding deity.

Where normally a statue or phallic lingam might be placed to focus the prayers of devotees, at Avudaiyarkoil there is just a void. "There is deep spiritual significance in the queerness" of this, said a guidebook entry that seemed to neatly capture the symbolic import of a shrine whose builders considered formlessness the ultimate spiritual state.

As usual, I found the place empty, no one around except some random pilgrims, a few priests snoozing on woven straw mats, and an attendant feeding hay to the milk-white temple bullocks. Throughout my many travels to South India, scenes like this have been repeated, whether in the polychrome ziggurat-shaped temple at Kumbakonam or else Gangaikonda Cholapuram, which in April I wandered about

Tamil Nadu Essentials

WHEN TO GO

While I traveled comfortably in an unseasonably cool April, most Westerners visit the south between November and March, when temperatures are moderate and temple hopping is not an ordeal.

GETTING AROUND

One of the pleasures of India for the independent traveler is the luxury of hiring a car and driver. I have traveled the whole of the Subcontinent in safety, seldom spending more per day for an air-conditioned SUV and driver than it would cost to rent a midsize vehicle in American cities. Hotel concierges generally have a list of reliable travel agents who can arrange car hire. The driver's lodging and meals will be included in the tariff at most hotels.

WHAT TO READ

As Chennai-born Padma Lakshmi recently said, South India is the Next Big Thing in culinary circles. Chettiar cuisine, with its wide-ranging global influences and exquisite spicing, is currently on every gastronome's radar. For a primer, read *The Bangala Table*, compiled and co-authored by Meenakshi Meyyappan; the book neatly diagrams a rich and varied culinary tradition.
—G. T.

almost entirely alone.

In the eleventh century the Chola king Rajendra Chola I ruled a vast kingdom extending to most of the southern Subcontinent, as well as the lands that are now Sri Lanka, Sumatra, Cambodia, Malaysia, and Bangladesh, from his capital at Gangaikonda Cholapuram. But on the day I visited, his former bustling city was a deserted picnic spot. Once a center of commerce and culture, once surrounded by groves and orchards and fertile farmland, once at the core of a trading empire reaching throughout the known world, the gorgeously carved great stone temple on that day was occupied by me and a small Punjabi family washing down their picnic dosas with Coke.

The sodas came from a snack stall that doubled as a shoe depository. Beneath a billboard extolling the joys of the ubiquitous American soft drink were hung bundles of inflatable plastic puppies. I bought one of each and realized as I slaked my thirst that I'd spent so much time wandering the temple grounds that it was getting too late for the long drive back to The Bangala. Waving my phone around like a dowsing wand, I managed to detect a Wi-Fi signal and an Internet connection and, finally, through the magic of Google, a nearby hotel I chose on no particularly rational basis.

It turned out, as it happened, that the driver knew the place; he assured me they would have late-season vacancies. He also pointed out, with notable tact, that there might be one problem. A strictly vegetarian establishment, Mantra Veppathur eco-resort was also dry: no alcohol served. And at the end of a long day of temple hopping, little is more welcome to me than a cold alcoholic beverage.

Thus on the way to the hotel, it became a mission to find one of the TASMAC government shops that monopolize alcohol sales in the state of Tamil Nadu. Midway to Mantra we found one. The driver hopped out to buy me some beer, returning after a few minutes

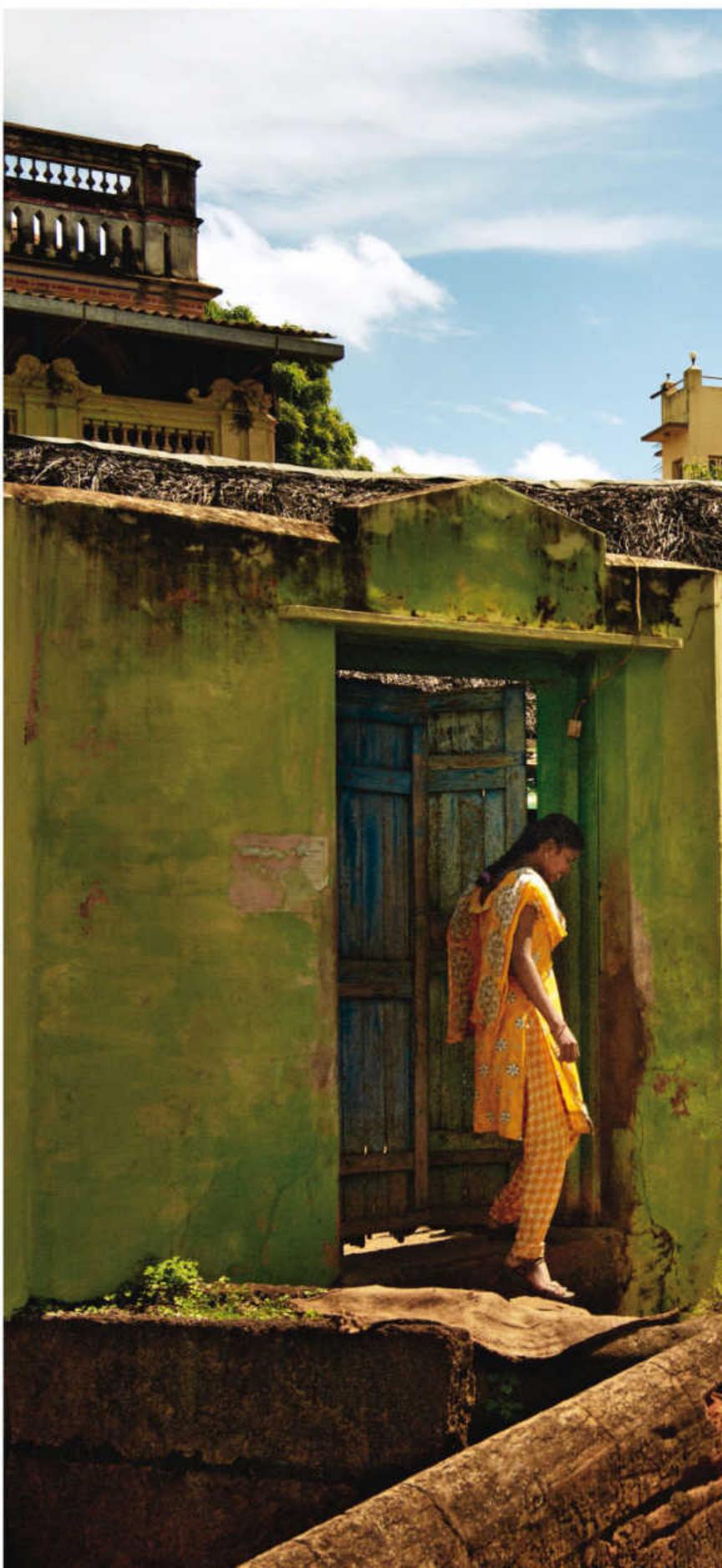
hauling a plastic bag containing what looked to be a pair of torpedoes. Inside were two 40-ounce bottles of a warm brew with the worrying brand name 10,000 Volts. The shop also sold both 5,000 Volts and 2,000 Volts beer, the driver mentioned, tactfully refraining from adding that he knew his customer. If the remainder of the drive was then given over to internal debate about whether I risked becoming an Amy Winehouse lyric, these thoughts soon gave way to other distractions as we turned down a country lane right out of Satyajit Ray's *Apu Trilogy*.

Forest grew on either side, broken periodically by small villages. Dogs lay in the middle of the road, cooling in the dust. Reaching a one-lane bridge, we pulled over to make way for an oncoming oxcart and then moved on to a destination that seemed to confirm a long-held conviction that often in India reality seems to blur into dream. It is not merely that at Mantra we found ourselves inside a handsome walled compound, 14 acres of mango, teak, and palm groves; or that a series of stucco bungalows with deep eaves surrounded an island whose open-air pavilions are reached across a series of footbridges that spanned narrow canals. It was not that monkeys looped through the treetops and unseen peacocks shrieked from somewhere high in the canopy. It was not that, after checking into a spacious villa whose veranda was painted with traditional kolam diagrams, I rinsed off in an open-air shower and then padded through the twilight to an arched pool to swim cooling laps beneath a waxing moon.

Rather, the fantastical part came clear only once I had changed and walked in the dusk to the dining pavilion, where a waiter in a starched white lungi explained that the alcohol prohibition did not apply to foreign travelers, and promptly fetched me a bottle of icy Kingfisher. As he poured, he mentioned in a merry offhand way that—since I was apparently the only guest at the Mantra—for tonight at least, the place was my own kingdom.

There are times, it seems, when one falls into a sleep so deep it resembles the slumbers of fables, and that was one. I awoke the next morning as if restored to life from a spell in some peaceful oblivion. Tossing my things into a duffel bag, I felt fresh and ready to begin the 14,000-mile trek home across continents and oceans. Just after checkout, as I walked to the car, a young clerk trotted after me proffering a coconut.

Would I mind, he asked, if he performed a small ritual to assure a safe onward journey. Putting a match to the husk, he lighted and rotated the coconut three times clockwise over the hood. Then he raised his arms above his head and smashed the coconut on the ground in a traditional—and at that moment perhaps redundant—gesture of blessing.♦



A typical
residential street
in Chettinad.



Going

G A U C H O





AT BUENOS AIRES'S WEEKLY FERIA DE MATADEROS, ARGENTINES DRESS IN TRADITIONAL CLOTHES THAT CELEBRATE THE NATION'S COWBOY CULTURE.

Photographs
by
**ANDERS
OVERGAARD**

The solitary gaucho is a romantic emblem of nineteenth-century Argentinian *campo* living, lionized in countless poems and songs. While these cowboys still roam the Pampas herding cattle, city migration has slashed their ranks. But each Sunday at the Feria de Mataderos, a fair on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, nostalgic Porteños craving a culture fix can get their fill of *asado* (barbecue) and folk dancing while cheering on gauchos racing their steeds in the prestigious *corrida de sortija*. Some regulars even take to the streets in outfits reflecting their regional origins—proof that gaucho tradition retains a life beyond legend.

-SORREL MOSELEY-WILLIAMS





Previous page, from left: Jorge Ramírez, a market-goer from northwest Salta, wears his province's crimson and black hues ("symbolizing blood and mourning," he says) on pleated white *bombacha de campo* pants, a tribute to the death of a Salta military leader in 1821. Dancer Liliana Lorán wears an estancia-style claret-velvet high-necked jacket, inspired by nineteenth-century Argentinian political heroines.

This page, from left: Dancer Fabián Fuhr's velvet jacket, *manta* blanket, and baggy pants nod to gaucho style from the southern Pampas, and his belt serves as both a wallet and holster for his handcrafted dagger, lodged in the crook of his back. María Santos has danced at the Feria for 29 years ("I can't imagine not coming here," she says). Her handmade cotton dress is a rural peasant style, with her blue handkerchief tucked into her belt for easy access during the *cueca* dance.

A photograph of a person in equestrian attire riding a white horse across a lush green field. The rider is wearing a dark helmet, a light-colored shirt, and a dark vest. The horse is walking towards the camera. In the background, there is a large, dense cluster of green trees, and further back, rolling hills and more fields under a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds.

Back to the

**U
A**

WHEN AMANDA BROOKS FIRST VISITED THE COTSWOLDS
SOME 20 YEARS AGO, SHE HAD NO IDEA SHE MIGHT ONE DAY MOVE HERE
WITH HER FAMILY. NOW, THE NEW YORK FASHION DARLING HAS
MADE AN IMPROBABLE LIFE IN THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE—AND
UNCOVERED THE VERY BEST IT HAS TO OFFER.

By DAISY GARNETT

Photographs by CAROL SACHS

N D

“When I used to visit this part of the found it so beautiful I could hardly

says Amanda Brooks. “But now it feels like home—I’ve taken ownership.” In her sun-filled Cotswolds kitchen, Brooks is reflecting on the curious path that led her to this Jane Austen-worthy landscape, with its undulating hills, mellow green pastures, and market towns of golden-hued limestone. Her farm is less than two hours northwest of London, but to gaze upon it now, in the hazy light of afternoon, this land might as well be a century removed.

It was Brooks’s artist husband, Christopher, who introduced her to his native Oxfordshire. The couple met in New York, and spent a summer here when Amanda was 22. “Of course I was staggered by how it looked,” she recalls of that first season in the Cotswolds. “But Christopher would disappear all day to work on a tractor. Knowing no one, I felt completely isolated and lost.” She certainly never imagined that this might be somewhere she’d eventually live, surrounded by children and animals, rising every day at 5:30 A.M. to fit in farm tasks between writing and raising a family.

Brooks—willowy and beautiful and a fixture on Best Dressed lists—was brought up in Palm Beach and New York, studied at Brown, where she double-majored in art

history and visual arts, then moved to New York, where she worked for Patrick Demarchelier, Larry Gagosian, and Frédéric Fekkai before becoming a designers’ muse, a columnist for *Men’s Vogue*, and, briefly, the fashion director of Barneys. (She has authored two books about her love of, and life in, fashion, *I Love Your Style: How to Define and Refine Your Personal Style* and *Always Pack a Party Dress*.) Along the way, she and Christopher had two children—Coco, 14, and Zach, 12—and every summer, the four would relocate from Manhattan to Christopher’s family’s farm, outside the tiny village of Churchill (population: 663). Amanda began to connect to English country life by learning to cook, then to garden and to ride. Soon, the family found it hard to return to New York each September. “We felt so wistful every time we left the farm,” she says. “Family life seemed so much easier here in England, so we thought, ‘Let’s do a year in the Cotswolds while the kids are still young enough to move schools.’ That was three and a half years ago.”

Now she can’t fathom living anywhere else. “I’ve changed,” Brooks admits, “but the Cotswolds have changed too—radically—since we first came.” Despite its long history of tourism, this was, until recently, a very insular place that a visitor could only hope to peer into from the outside. Yes, one could tour the stately homes and gardens that the Cotswolds are known for. But the area’s social life—the country rituals, the dinner parties, the dances—went on



world, I relate to it,”

Previous page:
Amanda Brooks and her daughter, Coco, riding near their home in Churchill, Oxfordshire.

Clockwise from top right: The 1806-era orangery at Sezincote, one of the Cotswolds' grandest estates; Brooks outside her kitchen; sheep at Daylesford farm.







Clockwise from far left: Just-picked produce at Daylesford's farm shop; the yoga room at Bamford Haybarn Spa; Soho Farmhouse's swimming pool, set inside a lake.

largely in private, behind hedgerows and high garden gates. Today, as a younger, more urbane demographic (residents and weekenders alike) discovers the Cotswolds, the culture is loosening up, and the region has become . . . dare we say, cosmopolitan?

Such changes are not unique to the Cotswolds, of course: Across the U.K., good food made with local ingredients is now the norm rather than the exception. The advent of Instagram, TripAdvisor, and Airbnb has sounded the death knell for fusty old bed-and-breakfasts. More stylish and affordable lodging options are luring a new generation of chic (if not wealthy) visitors. And there were other seismic shifts in the Cotswolds: The influence of Carole Bamford and her Daylesford brand, which launched in 2002 as a café and farm shop near Kingham—and expanded into London—cannot be overstated. And the Soho House group's new Soho Farmhouse retreat promises to be a further game-changer. (Japanese food in the countryside? There's no way back from that.)

"When I first started coming here, we had one pub," Brooks recalls. "Today, I can find everything from spinning classes to sashimi, Valentino to a hand-tailored tweed jacket. I love that I'm able to have a massage or see the latest movie but that I can also walk my dog for an hour and a half or watch the farrier shoe the horses," she says, while juicing a batch of apples from her orchard. "The Cotswolds are the best of all worlds. We live on a farm in this wonderfully secluded place, but it's in the middle of a world that has just exploded."

On the following pages, Brooks leads us to her favorite things—classic and contemporary—in the place she now calls home.

Slow-cooked meatballs with house-made pappardelle and Parmesan at the Wheatsheaf Inn in Northleach.

Quintessential Cotswolds

Follow Amanda Brooks to England's most timeless—and unexpectedly timely—countryside.

LAY OF THE LAND

BROADWAY

"Lots to see here: so many beautiful cottages, plus the Broadway Tower, designed by Capability Brown," says Brooks. "And I love the Broadway Deli [at right]."

BURFORD

"Quite touristy but couldn't be more worthwhile—especially for good shops, including the Oxford Shirt Co., with all the English country brands like Barbour and Liberty."

CHIPPING CAMPDEN

"More authentic (and less visited) than most larger towns here. A great wool dealer often sets up at the old market, selling sheepskins and cowhide rugs at bargain prices."

CHIPPING NORTON

"The area's main hub is lacking in charm—it's where you go to the bank—but it does have the excellent Jaffé and Neale Bookshop and Café and Station Mill antiques. David Cameron is often here when he's not in London."

KINGHAM

"This impossibly picturesque village is the epicenter of the Daylesford empire—and within walking distance of the London train."

SNOWSHILL

"A stunning village with beautiful walks all around. The Snowshill Manor and Garden is a must as well."

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD

"A classic Cotswold market town known for its antiques dealers. I go here for riding gear, organic produce, and the wonderful old bookstore."

STAY

BARNESLEY HOUSE

A country-house hotel without the usual chintz, with the amenities you'd expect at a groovy city hotel (or at Soho Farmhouse, below): screening room, stand-out spa, Italian-accented food using homegrown produce. All this in a listed seventeenth-century

manor house with gardens designed by the great Rosemary Verey. And it's just a stone's throw from Bibury, the prettiest village in England. *Barnsley*

BRUERN COTTAGES

Renting one of the Bruern Estate's 12 individually decorated cottages gives you five-star amenities with the added perks of privacy and independence. *Chipping Norton*

DAYLESFORD COTTAGES

At some point you're bound to hit the Daylesford estate—whether for a meal, a cooking lesson, a spa treatment, or some high-grade shopping. If you're doing more than one, consider staying on the farm: Like everything in Carole Bamford's purview, the six guest cottages are as chic as toast. *Kingham*

SOHO FARMHOUSE

A heated outdoor pool set inside a lake; a cinema furnished with red-velvet armchairs; a state-of-the-art gym and spa; a barn playroom for the kids; ice-skating and boat rides and year-round tennis...the Soho House group's new retreat is like Disneyland for grown-ups. Choose among one-bedroom cabins, lakeside cottages, even a farmhouse that sleeps 14. Good luck leaving. *Chipping Norton*



EAT & DRINK

CAFÉ LE RAJ

"You don't come for the atmosphere or the decor, but it does do the best Indian food I've had anywhere," says Brooks. *Chipping Norton*

THE CHEQUERS

Brooks's local is owned by the same group behind the Wheatsheaf Inn (below); The Chequers is their more casual outpost, with a warm vibe and terrific food. "It reminds me of Freemans on New York's Lower East Side," says Brooks. *Churchill*

FEATHERED NEST COUNTRY INN

This chic country inn could get by on the views alone, but the food has long drawn a devoted crowd, who come for creative dishes like partridge with yellow foot mushrooms and black pudding purée. *Nether Westcote*

PEN YEN

The Soho Farmhouse's excellent Japanese grill restaurant relies on super-fresh locally sourced ingredients, and offers a welcome antidote to the region's ubiquitous English pub fare. *Chipping Norton*

VILLAGE PUB

Little sister to the nearby Barnsley House hotel, this congenial inn—with an assured kitchen and lovely bedrooms upstairs—is a "home-from-home" for Brooks, who often uses it as a writing retreat. *Barnsley*

WHEATSHEAF INN

A seventeenth-century coaching inn with an unexpectedly cool atmosphere and very good food—Brooks held her fortieth birthday dinner here. Don't miss the famous Marathon Pudding, a delectable riff on a Snickers bar. *Northleach*

WILD RABBIT

Michelin's 2015 Pub of the Year—it also has 12 bedrooms, so technically it's an inn—is owned by Carole Bamford, of Daylesford fame. A serious-minded kitchen turns out fabulously hearty dishes like a crisp pig's head croquette with smoked eel; the bar offers a more laid-back scene. *Kingham*

SEE & DO

BAMFORD HAYBARN SPA

Another Carole Bamford enterprise that's as good as you'd expect. Along with yoga and Pilates classes, the day spa offers facials, massages, meditation classes—and the setting is stunning. *Kingham*

CHASTLETON HOUSE AND GARDEN

You may recognize this Jacobean country estate from *Wolf Hall*, the BBC's adaptation of Hilary Mantel's novels. It's a time capsule famously devoid of "improvements," as the family ran out of money centuries ago (a classic example of British aristocrats hanging on to enormous estates while living in "proud poverty"). *Moreton-in-Marsh*

COOKERY SCHOOL AT DAYLESFORD

Classes here range from the everyday (quick and simple suppers) to the specialized (nose-to-tail butchery); all are hands-on, with students working in pairs in their own tricked-out mini-kitchens, using ingredients from Daylesford's own farm and dairy. "I did the Christmas cooking class, which was great fun," says Brooks. "So much so that I went back to do their sushi class." *Kingham*

COTSWOLD WILDLIFE PARK & GARDENS

Who knew that 160 acres of English parkland could be filled with white rhinos, leopards, lions, zebras, and giraffes? The garden is equally impressive, with a wildly diverse range of plants and a tropical greenhouse. *Burford*

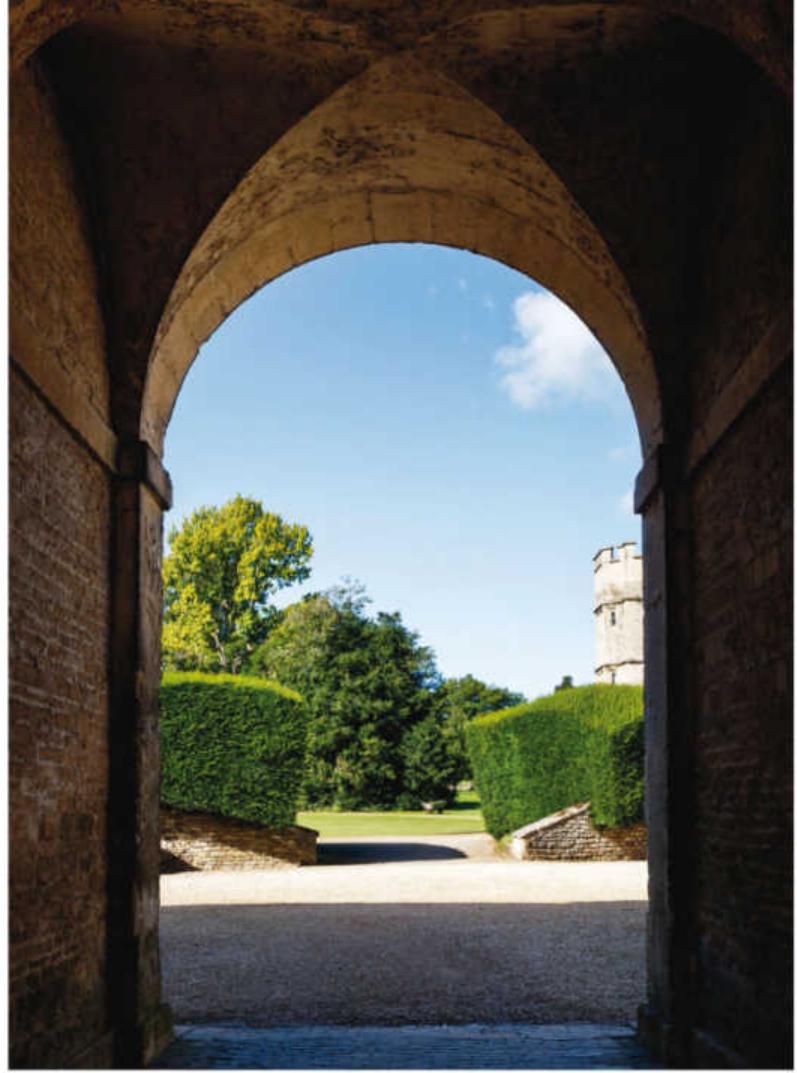
D'ARCY DALTON WAY

Some 3,000 miles of public footpaths wind through the Cotswolds (more than in any other region in England), with options ranging from gentle rambles to proper hikes. Brooks's favorite route, the d'Arcy Dalton Way, weaves for 65 miles through Oxfordshire down to the Thames Valley.

HOUSE RIDE AT COWSHED SPA

Brooks is a regular at the Soho Farmhouse's indoor cycling class. "It's the SoulCycle of the Cotswolds," she says—and it has an equally cultlike following. "I was a little intimidated





Clockwise from top left: The Mill Room pub at Soho Farmhouse; an entranceway at Rousham House; Amanda and Coco Brooks return from a day in the saddle.

when Maria Sharapova joined my class," she says with a laugh. *Chipping Norton*

ROUSHAM HOUSE & GARDEN

Built in 1635 and still owned by the same family, Rousham is framed by eighteenth-century landscaped gardens designed by William Kent, with ponds and cascades, temples, a sham ruin, a parterre, and a cold bath. Bring a picnic and imagine the place is yours. *Rousham*

SEZINCOTE

Of all the great Cotswold estates, this 1805 landmark is easily the most fantastical: a Mogul-style palace—yes, in the Cotswolds—complete with minarets, temples, *jali*-work railings, and a magnificent turquoise copper dome. (It was the inspiration for the famed Brighton Pavilion.) The gardens, too, are exceptional.

STATELY RIDES

An ingenious concept, done extremely well: two- to five-day horseback "safaris" across the countryside, stopping each night in a beautiful private home; the next morning, your horse is saddled up and waiting. Brooks and her daughter "absolutely loved it."

SUDELEY CASTLE & GARDENS

An amazing Tudor castle that's half ruins and half smart family home, Sudeley was once the residence of Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's last wife and widow (she lies entombed in a church on the estate). On the grounds are physic, knot, and secret gardens and a pheasantry. *Winchcombe*

SHOP

BROADWAY DELI

Brooks frequents this celebrated gourmet shop and café to stock up on "giant vats of fresh pesto," charcuterie, heirloom vegetables, and first-rate olive oils. *Broadway*

DAYLESFORD FARM SHOP AND CAFÉ

Superb field-to-fork food (much of it sourced from right outside) and feel-good treats—whether you're after a cold-pressed juice, kitchen

linens, geranium hand cream, or artisanal cheese crafted on-site. *Kingham*

JAFFÉ & NEALE

This outstanding indie bookstore hosts regular readings and talks with celebrated authors. *Chipping Norton*

NELL'S DAIRY

Purveyors of the creamiest Guernsey milk (which is not only organic but easy to digest for even the lactose-intolerant), Nell's operates three vending stations around the Cotswolds. It's like milking a cow straight into a bottle.

STATION MILL ANTIQUES

Scores of dealers share this space, selling everything from antique furniture to vintage glassware. "I love unearthing old English china," says Brooks, "and everything here is reasonably priced." *Chipping Norton*

SWEET SHOP BURFORD

An utterly authentic old-fashioned candy store that Brooks says "looks like a movie set." *Burford*

UPTON SMOKERY

Supplier to many Cotswold restaurants, this family-run smokehouse works miracles with fish, meat, and game. *Burford*

SEASONAL EVENTS

MAY-SEPTEMBER

Set up by Oxford graduate Nell Gifford and her husband, Toti, the charming **Giffords Circus** features a fantastic live band, hand-tailored costumes, and impressively daring stunts. The animals—horses, geese, dogs—are the performers' own pets, and it's clear they're all having a blast. *Various locations*

MAY 12 AND OCTOBER 27

The **Gypsy Horse Fair**, a gathering for Travelers for more than 500 years, is a chance for the community to sell and trade horses and other goods. Pony races, vintage caravans, and handmade crafts make for an illuminating glimpse into a way of life. *Stow-on-the-Wold*

MAY 26

Just as summer beckons, the **Daylesford Summer Festival** rolls in with a celebration of all things farm, featuring garden tours, live music, talks, and of course countless delicious things to eat. *Kingham*

AUGUST 26-28

Co-hosted by chef Jamie Oliver and Blur bassist Alex James (it's held on James's farm), the weekend-long **Big Feastival** is devoted to great food and music, and suited for kids of all ages. *Kingham*

SEPTEMBER 3

Billing itself as "the countryside in a day," the **Moreton-in-Marsh Show** is an agricultural fair zipped up many notches—offering livestock competitions, show jumping, trade stands, brass bands, tractor exhibits, motorcycle stunts, and more. *Moreton-in-Marsh*

I'VE CHANGED," BROOKS ADMITS, "BUT THE COTSWOLDS HAVE CHANGED TOO—RADICALLY—SINCE WE FIRST CAME."

SEPTEMBER 4

Basket-making, beekeeping, yarn-dying, ferret-racing, tree-climbing: "My kids *love* it," raves Brooks about the **Wychwood Forest Fair**, whose proceeds go toward preserving the landscape and wildlife of the famed Wychwood Forest. *Wychwood*

DECEMBER 26

After the Hunting Act of 2004 banned fox hunting in the U.K., the British did what they do best in crisis: kept calm and carried right on. With its rituals, costumes, and etiquette intact, the sport lives on, and the Boxing Day **Heythrop Hunt** meet is a highlight of the season—and a glamorous portrait of a certain slice of British life. *Chipping Norton* ♦

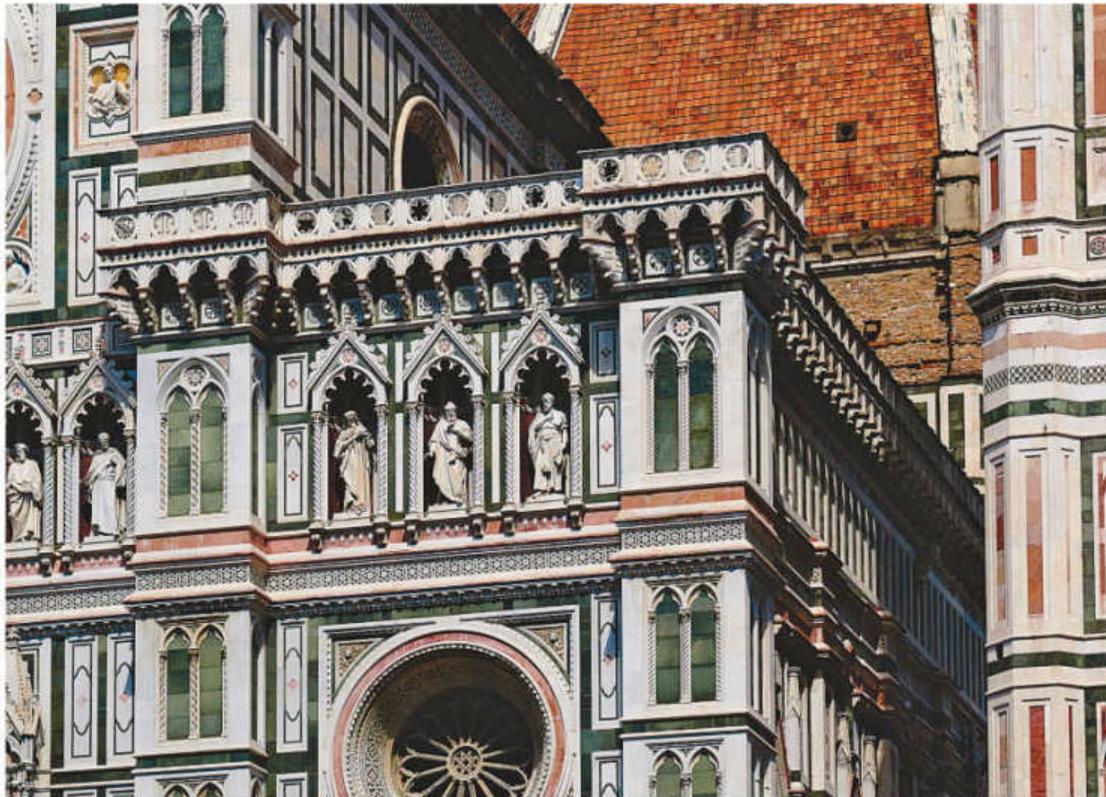
P I T T I

TWICE A YEAR, THE PITTI UOMO MENSWEAR SHOW—
TRANSFORM FLORENCE INTO AN ALL-CITY



P A R T Y

AND A GANG OF PREENING GLOBAL INFLUENCERS—
RUNWAY FOR CLASSIC GENTLEMEN'S STYLE.



F o r

wear event that has turned this otherwise changeless (some might say stubbornly trend-resistant) city into an increasingly important hub for a new generation of global style trendsetters.

Twice a year, these canny enthusiasts descend on Florence to make deals and soak up old-world inspiration for both their own work and legions of Instagram followers. "You find some of the best-dressed men on the planet," says Scott Schuman, a.k.a. The Sartorialist, who has been photographing said men against Florentine backdrops of peeling frescoes and marble piazzas for nearly a decade. "What those

Max Poglia, simply being in Florence can be overwhelming. "There are so many beautiful things around you, you almost have a breakdown," says the Brooklyn-based designer of handcrafted knives and bags. Of course, the city's art and architecture have been making visitors lose their grip for centuries. But Poglia is no ordinary tourist. He's visited Florence a few times as a vendor at Pitti Uomo, the exclusive mens-

Previous page,
clockwise from left:
Alessandro Squarzi,
Andrew Livingston,
Ouigi Theodore, and
Max Poglia walking
to Florence's Pitti
Uomo; the Duomo;
Ashley Owens

joins the group near
Santa Maria Novella;
a nattily shod show-
goer; the Vasari
Corridor. **This page:**
Theodore, left,
and Livingston at
Caffè Gilli.

visuals mean to young guys all over the world is pretty staggering. There are people imitating Pitti street style in Cape Town."

The Duomo obviously makes for a handsome backdrop. But for Poglia and other nostalgia-minded Brooklyn innovators, Florence appeals more as an unself-conscious embodiment of craft and slow-made authenticity—evident in everything from leather goods to wine and tailoring. "What feels like a movement in New York, in Florence just is," says Andrew Livingston, a friend of Poglia's and the co-founder of Queens-based fashion brand Knickerbocker Mfg. For the classics-seeking new guard, novelty and cutting-edge design are not the point. "All of us gravitate to the same places in Florence," says Ouigi Theodore, owner of the vintage-inspired clothier Brooklyn Circus. "The ones that have comfort, character, personality, and S-O-U-L."

Poglia first got to know Theodore and Livingston in New York, although regular Florence meet-ups (all three attend Pitti as wholesale vendors) have brought them even closer. Poglia, originally from Brazil, has found a mentor of sorts in Milan-based designer Alessandro Squarzi, who also happens to be one of Schuman's top photo subjects, and this multi-generational quartet often canvas the city together after the shows. "I think what's interesting right now is that we're all referencing the past in our work, which makes the young guy just as interesting as the old guy," Theodore says. (To say nothing of the young woman: Grandpa Style blogger Ashley Owens, known for her ability to pull off a men's suit, sometimes joins Poglia's crew during Pitti.)

Poglia, who speaks fluent Italian, loves popping into no-name leather workshops unannounced. At one, he remembers asking if he could buy a gold-leaved case, which the shop's artisans had made using a traditional technique. The owner declined to sell but invited him in for a look around—and then, as Poglia was leaving, offered him the case as a gift. "That's what Florence is all about. Every time I go, it's something magical," the designer says. "People complain about the tourists, but they don't bother me. I just get busy trying to find my favorite things." - DARRELL HARTMAN

ALL OF US
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LUIGI GILLI
CONFETTERIA
BONBONS FONDANTS
CIOCCOLATA
CARAMELLE
THE
SERVIZIO SPECIALE
PER
MATRIMONI



Where the Boys Are

From a 130-year-old snack shop to the best of men's vintage, this group of friends' favorite addresses have seriously stood the test of time.

THE SCENE-MAKING LUNCH SPOT

Seasoned waiters in bow ties and white shirts work the room at **Cammillo**. "Great cuisine and a '20s Al Capone vibe," enthuses Alessandro Squarzi of this family-run trattoria. Scott Schuman, who touts the open kitchen and informal atmosphere, has hosted the likes of Kanye West and John Malkovich at private lunches and dinners here during Pitti. Max Poglia recommends the *fritto misto* and *fiore di zucca*.

FOR AN AUTHENTIC, TOURIST-FREE DINNER

Squarzi routinely takes the Americans to **Alla Vecchia Bettola**, a 37-year-old osteria near the Torrigiani Garden, for simple Tuscan fare. (It's across the Arno, about a 15-minute cab ride from the city center.) "They're famous for their meat, but the crostini and pastas are also really great," Squarzi says. "And I love that they still make espresso with the moka pot, not the new coffee machines."

TIME-TRAVEL FOR DESSERT

The house-made focaccia at **Cantinetta dei Verrazzano**, a wine bar and restored eighteenth-century bakery, tastes even better in the grand setting: terracotta floors, vaulted ceilings, marble tabletops. For something sweeter, Poglia suggests pairing almond biscotti (*cantuccini alle mandorle*) with the Tuscan dessert wine known as *vin santo*.

THE TASTIEST LITTLE SNACK IN TOWN

Procacci, a 130-year-old gourmet grocery, specializes in the diminutive truffle-paste sandwich called a *panino tartufato*. "It's just a snack," Poglia says—but with a glass of prosecco, it's a distinctively Florentine one. Vintages by Antinori, the fourteenth-century winemaker responsible for the Super Tuscan movement, are served in a recently renovated space with painted wood and antiqued steel.

FOR ONE-OF-A-KIND MENSWEAR FINDS

Unique fabrics and French and Italian vintage pieces are among the prime goods at **Ceri Vintage**, where owner Danilo Ceri keeps a sewing machine in the back. Andrew Livingston praises the "sick trousers"—many made of moleskin, a heavy cotton—and no-nonsense miners' jackets. "He has a really good eye for things from the '50s and beyond," notes Ouigi Theodore, who once found himself fighting here with Poglia over a prize union suit.

THE RETRO-FASHION MECCA

Curator Carlo Andreani's expert mixing of sportswear and designer labels, men's and women's, makes **Desii Vintage** one of the city's top stops. Think Louis Vuitton and Chanel handbags, tweed caps, and Adidas Originals. "It's crazy how affordable some of the European workwear is," Livingston says, and the collection of fedoras is top-notch.

DIG FOR RARE TREASURES

Treasure hunting at the **flea market at Piazza Santo Spirito** (on the second Sunday of every month) has gotten harder as more vintage and antiques connoisseurs have started picking over the city's riches. Still, it delivers. "There's a lot of great old books," notes Livingston, who recently came upon a gold-foil cover design here that inspired a Knickerbocker garment box.

SAVE TIME IN A BOTTLE—LITERALLY

Launched some 400 years ago, **Officina Profumo-Farmaceutica di Santa Maria Novella**, the high-end Florentine perfumer and apothecary, is one of the oldest lifestyle brands on the planet. (Its popular rosewater was used as a Black Plague disinfectant). The palatial trappings, in addition to the fine swirl of herbal/floral scents, make the flagship store a must-visit. "It's the perfect place to get presents," notes Schuman, who leaves many of his own Santa Maria Novella soaps and lotions unopened. "No one does packaging like them. Sometimes I buy just for that."



LEATHER GOODS YOU CAN ONLY FIND HERE

A remarkable joint effort between Florentine leather-business families and Franciscan friars, who converted the old dormitory wing of a thirteenth-century church, the **Scuola del Cuoio** manufactory and crafts school has trained disadvantaged city residents to become skilled artisans since the end of World War II. The best students are hired to stitch together the stylish items (wallets, belts, and desk accessories, done in materials ranging from calfskin to alligator) sold at the on-site store.

Clockwise from top right:

right: Dinner at Alla Vecchia Bettola; the Pitti posse in the historic center of Florence; during the shows, some of the best sights are at street level (Poglia's shoes, center, are shell cordovan leather from Alden).



THE BEST ALL-DAY HANGOUT

Occupying a prime location on the Piazza della Repubblica for about a century, **Caffè Gilli** is a popular meeting place during the shows. "We start the day with breakfast here—cappuccino and croissants—or end it with late-night drinks," Poglia says.

FOR A FLAWLESS NEGRONI

More of a hot spot in the summer, **Harry's Bar**, a classic haunt along the Arno, originally opened in 1953 and maintains much of its mid-century charm, from the Murano glass lamps to the demure martini glasses. "It's a favorite spot for a proper Negroni," Poglia says (the cocktail was invented in Florence). The Bellini is another go-to.

WHERE THE WELL-HEELED FASHION SET STAYS

Fresh flowers, wingback chairs, zebra prints, cashmere throws, and fine etchings packed salon-style onto the walls are among the stylish touches at **J.K. Place**, a 20-room hotel in the *centro storico*. "I love every little detail," says Squarzi, who stays here whenever he's in Florence. And its lounge bar is one of the swankiest spots in town for a nightcap. -D. H.

TRAVEL INTEL

Tips, tricks, and miscellany: Our editors' guide to navigating the world.

GOOD NEWS

Brazil will waive its usual \$160-per-visa fee for U.S. visitors who arrive between June 1 and September 18—just in time for the Olympic Games, which kick off August 5. That means a family of four instantly saves \$640 on a trip to Rio.

BAD NEWS

U.S. airlines collected a record \$1.019 billion in baggage fees in the third quarter of 2015, the DOT said. It was the first time the figure topped a billion dollars in a quarter since the agency started keeping track of the number in 1990.

UNBELIEVABLE NEWS

It's like the car-pool option on Uber that you're too creeped out to use: Winston Club pairs up solo travelers willing to share a room (and split the bill) at hotels in Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and of course Las Vegas.

This Month's Top Travel Tips from the Experts

1

Prep now for summer in Paris.

"Eiffel Tower tickets go on sale three months out," says Paul Bennett of Context Travel, "so if you're going in June, buy your passes online soon to avoid being stuck in horrendous lines."

2

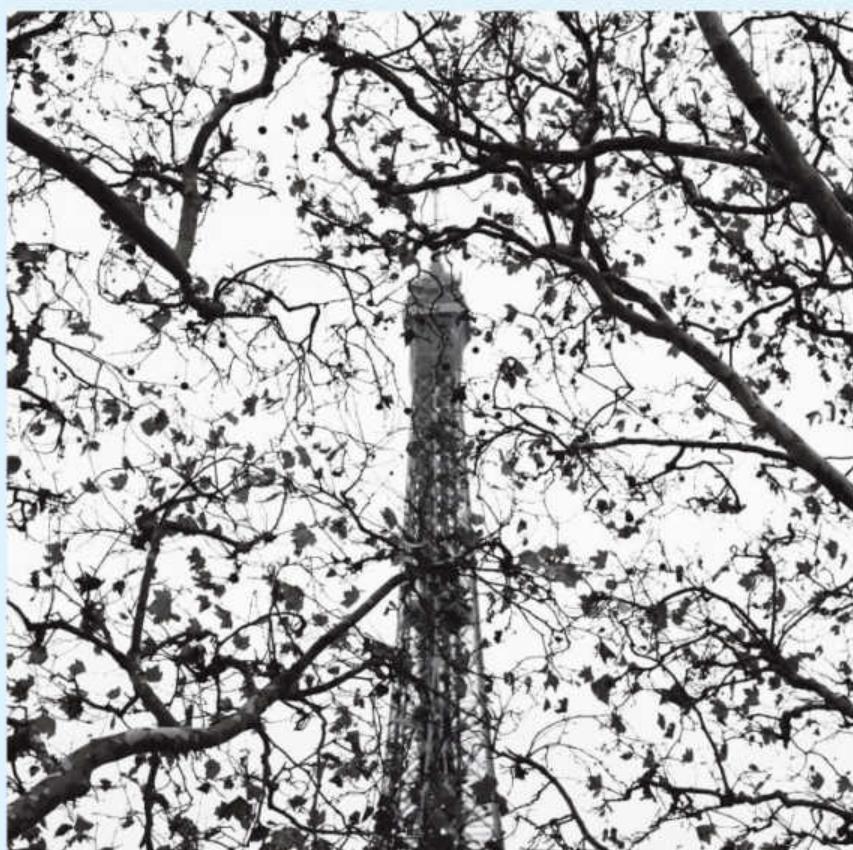
Consider New England for July 4.

"We always see a spike in bookings at the first sign of warm weather in April," says David Bowd, co-founder of Salt Hotels in Provincetown. "But if you make your plans in March, you'll beat the rush."

3

Lock in the Amalfi Coast's best hotels.

"You really have to book now to get into the small properties," says Andrea Grisdale of IC Bellagio. "Le Sirenuse is the hotel in Positano, but I also recommend Ravello's Palazzo Avino."



Now's the time to plan for Paris.

4

Book Great Barrier Reef dives.

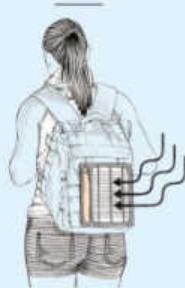
"June and July offer good visibility, and June is also the best time to dive with dwarf minke whales on the Ribbon Reefs near Cairns," says Stuart Rigg of Southern Crossings.

5

Don't cross Turkey off your vacation list.

"Summer is ideal for sailing Turkey's Mediterranean coast, and crewed charter yachts often discount rates if you book four-plus months out," says Karen Fedorko Sefer of Sea Song Tours.

WOULD YOU EVER ...



... tote a ten-inch-wide, 14-ounce sun-powered phone charger? The new **BioLite SolarPanel 5+** is compatible with USB devices, clips to your bag, and has a battery for cloudy days (\$80).

WHEN YOU ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO BE THERE

Flight cancellations don't spell disaster with the new tool **Freebird**. Pay \$19 one-way or \$34 round-trip before you leave, and if your departure is canceled, they'll rebook you—at no additional charge—on another flight on any airline that will get you to your destination. A competing company, **AirCare**, offers a similar service from \$33 per round-trip.



250,000 Miles Logged Last Year

Sandra Main, the Hong Kong-born, Australia-raised global brand president of La Mer, on her packing rituals and why she considers flying "truly luxurious."

No matter how long or short the trip, I BRING THREE PAIRS OF SHOES: HEELS, FLATS, AND MY COMMON PROJECT SNEAKERS, WHICH I WEAR ON THE PLANE. The best travel advice is JUST BRING A CARRY-ON—ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVE CONNECTING FLIGHTS. AND NEVER PACK MORE THAN YOU'LL WEAR. I DO HAVE TWO COSMETICS CASES, THOUGH: ONE FOR MY IN-FLIGHT SPA RITUAL (CLEANSING WATER AND CRÈME DE LA MER; STAYING HYDRATED IS KEY!) AND ANOTHER WITH A MARNI PERFUME AND BUMBLE AND BUMBLE SHAMPOO—DECANTED INTO TRAVEL-SIZE BOTTLES.
In flight, I like to READ BIOGRAPHIES. I ALWAYS HAVE A FEW LINED UP. NOW I'M READING ABOUT YSL'S MUSE, LOULOU DE LA FAALAISE. FLYING IS MY "ME TIME" AND THE ONLY CHANCE TO TURN OFF MY PHONE. I CONSIDER IT TRULY LUXURIOUS. The one thing I will never do on a plane is CONNECT TO IN-FLIGHT WI-FI. I often travel to HONG KONG, WHERE I SWING BY DIN TAI FUNG FOR THE SOUP DUMPLINGS; WHY EAT BY YOURSELF IN THE ROOM WHEN THE WORLD OUTSIDE AWAITS— ALSO I HATE MY ROOM SMELLING OF FOOD.

105

That's how many minutes a trip between Agra and Delhi will take aboard India's new *Gatimaan Express* train, launching this month. By car, you'd need at least three hours.

Even Better Than First Class

You can now book a private 13-passenger Bombardier Global Express XRS jet through Crystal Cruises to get to your port of embarkation, whether for the line's ocean ships, its new 62-passenger yacht, or its forthcoming river vessels. Pricing has not yet been announced, but flights certainly won't be cheap.

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WHAT TO SEE AT N.Y.C.'S MET BREUER MUSEUM

Six essential pieces at the new institution, chosen by curator Sheena Wagstaff.

1. *A Young Black*, Sir Joshua Reynolds, ca. 1770.
2. *James Hunter Black Draftee*, Alice Neel, 1965.
3. *The Flaying of Marsyas*, Titian, 1570s.
4. *Untitled (No. 2)*, Louise Bourgeois, 1996.
5. *Untitled*, Nasreen Mohamedi, ca. 1975.
6. *Untitled*, Nasreen Mohamedi, 1967.



THE LITTLE THINGS

Call us nostalgic, but we love this perk: Emirates cabin crews have Polaroid cameras on board for easy (and free) snapshots of you and your kids at 40,000 feet.

OMBUDSMAN

A Hard Case

Q I flew South African Airways business class from Johannesburg to Abu Dhabi. Before checking my Rimowa suitcase, I had it wrapped in plastic for extra protection. Unfortunately, once I arrived at my hotel I realized that it was seriously damaged despite the wrapping. Having already left the airport (where I might have spoken with an airline baggage handler) and with another flight coming up, I bought an identical replacement for \$750. I filed an online claim, but SAA says it will pay only \$200 plus an extra \$100 as a "gesture of goodwill." Don't they owe me the full \$750? —Matthias M., São Paulo

A Believe it or not, there are international treaties that govern how much an airline has to pay when bags are damaged. In this case it's the Montreal Convention—because you were on a flight between two signatories—a treaty that limits an airline's liability for "destruction, loss, damage, or delay" of a checked bag to "1,131 special drawing rights," a financial instrument used in international banking. (That works out to about \$1,561 per passenger.) After pressing your case with SAA, Ombudsman secured a full refund for your replacement suitcase—which it should have given you immediately after you initially filed the claim.

Need help solving a travel problem? Ombudsman offers advice and mediation: E-mail ombudsman@cntraveler.com.

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Beyond Fashion

Sometimes it's the idea of a place, rather than the place itself, that makes the biggest impression. Take, for example, Palmyra, the desert site in Syria that was targeted last year by ISIS, which destroyed many of its antiquities. The ancient city was almost certainly the inspiration behind the Palmyre dress, left, from Christian Dior's 1952 fall-winter haute couture collection. Dior archivist Soizic Pfaff says Dior likely never visited Palmyra—he was not a fan of flying—but, to us, he beautifully captured the essence of the porcelain in Islamic art with the pale-blue of the glossy satin and its glass-beaded palmette pattern. A few years ago, Cameron Silver, fashion collector and owner of L.A.'s vintage boutique Decades, scored the dress in a bidding war (he won't say how much he paid, but it can now be yours for \$32,000). "Its sophistication beckons a bygone era," he says. And its design keeps the legacy of a lost treasure alive. -ERIN FLORIO



Hello Tomorrow



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